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WHERE ARE THE SMILES



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Barbara Sizemore's rocky beginning

ANDREA O. DEAN

WITH feelings of failure and frustration, suspicion and scapegoating pervading the DC school system, Barbara Sizemore began her term as superintendent last October under circumstances that were hardly auspicious. Sizemore's predecessor, Hugh Scott, the District school system's first black superintendent, had just been impelled from office after two short years for seriously mismanaging the budget, from whose funds he seemingly lost track of a cool five million. In frustration over his incompetence, the school board—the District's first elected board and then its sole elected body—took matters into its own hands, reworked Scott's bizarre financial conundrum into a workable budget and obtained funds for its operation.

As the third in a series of troubled superintendents, Scott presided—speaking loosely—over the continuing steady deterioration of the first and largest black city school system in the U.S. According to HEW it is also the blackest. Between 1960 and 1970 the number of black children in DC between five and fourteen increased by 38 percent, while the number of white children in the same age range declined 58 percent. Today, 85 percent of DC teachers are black; of their students, 96 per cent are black and 60 per cent are poor.

As upper and middle income whites fled the city, leaving a preponderance of poor blacks in the public schools, achievement levels declined markedly. Efforts begun in 1966 by activist Julius Hobson to improve the quality of public education and to equalize learning opportunities resulted in the famous Wright decision but, in Hobson's own words, "no great leap forward in achievement." In 1970, DC third graders were reading almost a grade below level when compared to national norms; by the ninth grade the average youngster had fallen a full two grades behind. This year, 1974, there were no DC public school students among the recipients of scholarships for blacks given by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, al-

though four blacks from DG private schools and ten from county public schools did win the awards. The exodus of about 11,000 children from DC schools since 1969, a number roughly comparable to the increase in black school enrollment in nearby county schools, is an indication that blacks as well as whites lack confidence in the DC public school system, and often try to move their children out if given the chance.

If anything, the DC school system's administrative and management problems have been even more overwhelming than those existing in the classrooms. The most rudimentary ingredients of good management have been, and continue to be, non-existent. The system has been administered by a highly stratified, entrenched bureaucracy, which works without benefit of either a centralized information system or an adequate method for evaluating personnel or programs. Under these circumstances, there is some irony in the fact that instruction has been approached primarily as a management problem under past superintendents. Nobody seems to grasp the fact that you can't process and standardize students in the classroom and still expect them to learn, but that you must standardize processes for administration in order to avoid chaos.

These were just some of the more obvious problems inherited by Barbara Sizemore when she was chosen as superintendent out of a field of 98 candidates last August. The board chose her primarily because of her demonstrated superior abilities as a teacher and educator, fully aware that Sizemore's somewhat limited administrative experience left questions about her ability to tackle the managerial problems of the DC school system.

In choosing her, the board made it plain that, no, they were not expecting an educational Messiah, and, yes, they were going to extend to the new superintendent as much support as they had withheld from her pre-

decessor, Hugh Scott. In an equally agreeable mood, Barbara Sizemore shared with the board such objectives as decentralizing the system, raising achievement and morale in the classrooms and introducing modern management methods to the antiquated school administration. In an interview with WTOP last August, Sizemore used a medical analogy to describe her view of what the superintendent's relationship to the board should be: "If my doctor says, 'Barbara, you should lose 10 pounds,' and he sees two months later that I didn't do it, he still smiles, because it has become my problem." Less than a year later not many board members are smiling and neither is Sizemore.

To be fair, it is too early to judge the superintendent's performance; her first year is not yet up, and most of it has been devoted to planning. It is, however, not premature to point up some serious obstacles Sizemore will have to overcome. The first is her relationship to the board and the second revolves around her recently approved plan to reorganize the school system.

Together these two problems have produced a brood of related ones, none of which are little. The most critical is the recent resignation of Sizemore's two top (and best) administrative officials, Kenneth Haskins, Vice-Superintendent, and Floretta McKenzie, Deputy Superintendent for Educational Programs and Services. While both deny rumors of a rift with Sizemore over either her relationships with the board and community, or her proposed programs, they protest too much and resigned, rather too coincidentally, within less than a week of each other. Both announcements came on the heels of the school board's unanimous approval of the superintendent's plan to reorganize the DC school system. The impending departure of Haskins and McKenzie further deepens already widespread doubts about Sizemore's ability to carry out her plans to reorganize the District schools.

Sizemore's problems with the board derive in part from its disillusionment and

discouragement which pre-dated her arrival here. The scepticism felt by more experienced board members, such as Marion Barry, Martha Swaim, Raymond Kemp and others, may be seen in part as a natural result of having witnessed too many changes and too little real progress over the years, of hearing too much rhetoric and seeing too few tangible results.

The Board's present discontent, however, is also a direct result of frustration with the new superintendent. Sizemore is criticized by board members and observers for withholding necessary information from the board; providing limited evidence that she can handle the administrative and managerial morass in which the system is mired; being uncompromising; thriving on conflict and generating it; and occasionally acting from personal and petty motives. Rumors about Sizemore's sometimes unfriendly attitudes towards whites add fuel to the already smoldering discontent.

Such criticisms should not come as a great surprise. The more difficult aspects of Sizemore's personality and her sometimes stubborn and unreasonable ways of dealing with people were clearly detailed in newspaper reports and by former colleagues last summer and fall.

Before becoming superintendent, Barbara Sizemore's most significant position had been as head of Chicago's experimental and controversial Woodlawn Project. Her emphasis there was on raising community support and implementing community control. While she was successful in both of these tasks, the Woodlawn Project itself failed in the end for a variety of reasons, one of which was a conflict between Sizemore and a colleague. According to a Post report last October: "Ms. Sizemore is a woman of strong convictions who does not relinquish her position easily. Many said it was her insistence on having her own way that led to conflicts that at times prevented any education from taking place at all."

Jack Perlin, who was principal of two schools in the Woodlawn Project, warned last summer "you better be ready to support her commitment. If you have any second thoughts, you'd better get a new superintendent. Her personal integrity is too intense. She's not going to back up on her values, she just isn't. No job is that important to her."

Reports on Sizemore's competence as an administrator at Woodlawn were mixed, but those on her personality make-up were not; they consistently described her as a strong-willed woman who, as one Chicago colleague put it "doesn't like people disagreeing with her." Should we have expected her to significantly change her ways at the age of 47?

Fewer disagreements between the superintendent and the school board are likely to be one result of recent defections from the board — at least during the honeymoon period. Of the three members who have resigned to run for City Council seats, two were Sizemore's sharpest critics. Martha Swaim opposed Sizemore's appointment to the end; Marion Barry did not, but now wishes he had. Swaim's main criticisms are that Sizemore lacks administrative ability, or any knowledge of people and personnel, and that "the same people are in the same important positions, handling the same problems in the same old ways." Abe Rosenfield, another defector from the board, has supported Sizemore, though with uncertain conviction.

If nothing else, the persons chosen to replace Swaim, Barry and Rosenfield will be fresh, and not yet disillusioned or jaded. Perhaps the happiest result of the recent Board shakeup is that it brought Virginia Morris to the board presidency. An astute observer says: "Don't underestimate her. She's highly intelligent, hard working, asks the right questions, and wants to build bridges between the board and the superintendent. She's cooperative and she'll do better than Barry." Even Sizemore can't find enough nice things to say about Virginia Morris.

Before examining some of the specific aspects of Sizemore's reorganization plan for the District schools, a brief tangent is in order to consider some of her more general attitudes. These are marked, above all, by a feeling of optimism, which some consider naively unrealistic. She told this reporter:

"This is a very tenable situation, believe me. First, you don't have the violence in the schools that you have in Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit. I mean these people here don't know what violence is. There's just no comparison. There is not the drug problem in the District of Columbia that you have in Newark, New York. There is not the Teacher's Union problem of a New York, Detroit, Chicago. This Union here's a really friendly little union, you know that? They're not obnox-

ious at all. The people here have really not given up on public education. You can tell by what's happening over at the Western High School and the six small schools. You know we don't even have [the Western High School plan] matched up against monies yet... And the people are all excited about it, oh it's just like the best thing since Jesus, you know. So, the people really have not given up on public education like they have in many cities...."

"I've been in 52 schools and I've seen some great teachers in the school system, great teachers...not above average, not excellent, just great teachers." She believes that criticism of DC teachers is "sometimes racist. People are just mad because the teachers are black." When asked about her attitude toward the tenure system, the Superintendent replied, "I think if we had improved methods of evaluation, tenure wouldn't be a problem."

If the situation in the DC schools is "tenable," what then is the reason the children don't learn adequately? The answer given by Sizemore is a non-answer, namely that "until we find a way to measure quality of life factors, like the effects of racism and sexism, we don't know what we're talking about."

In spite of the fact that she has a plan which she hopes will improve the city's school system, Sizemore doesn't pretend to have all the answers: "I tell the board this all the time — that those of us who are trying to bring about change in urban areas... are standing on the frontiers of knowledge. Nobody knows how to do it. I mean they can change superintendents every three months if they want to. I have never said I was Superman, I'm not. I've never said I know how to solve all the problems in the District of Columbia public schools, I do not. I am saying that I know the research and planning process, and I do know how to bring new knowledge to bear on the situation."

The knowledge Sizemore has brought to bear on the situation is contained in her reorganization plan for the District's public schools. The two-and-a-half month impasse over its approval by the board illustrates all too clearly some of the problems existing between it and the superintendent. The board refused to pass on the plan until the superintendent answered some questions about its implementation; the superintendent, in turn, refused to answer questions about how it would work until the board approved the plan, a variation on Catch 22. On May 30, the board unanimously approved the reorganization program without having one-quarter of the answers it had requested. With this go-ahead Sizemore's period of initiation and planning is over, and from now on she will be judged by her performance in implementing her proposals.

What follows are some of the highpoints of the superintendent's plan:

- Decentralization of the school system into smaller, more manageable units over which local communities would exercise substantial control. The process would be accomplished through PACTS (standing for parents, administrators, community, teachers and students) committees. By July 1, the system is to be divided into six administrative regions, each with its own superintendent (most of whom are considered disastrous choices by thoughtful observers)

Problems: Sizemore has produced little evidence to show that authority will actually be decentralized, and that the process will not consist simply in moving people and things around. How much power will be turned over to the community and how it will be transferred remain unanswered questions, partly because PACTS, the process by which such transfer is to be negotiated remains extremely vague.

Community meetings held by the school administration to explain PACTS have, according to many, left people more confused than ever. Recently resigned Vice-Superintendent, Kenneth Haskins, who was in charge of PACTS and decentralization, explained to the Board on May 30 that members of PACTS in each community will decide how to use the mechanism. Clearly, however, there are legal and other limits to the authority of PACTS committees: the organizations can not, for example, hire and fire teachers. Another question: since this process depends on consensus and not majority rule, how will the often conflicting goals of its components be reconciled or resolved?

The Washington Teachers Union has refused to endorse PACTS until clearer guidelines for the process are provided. Union President William Simon says "we don't want to enter into a process which will leave peo-

ple even more frustrated than they already are."

The resignation of vice-superintendent, Kenneth Haskins, considered by many to have been the most competent member of the superintendent's top administrative team, comes as a severe blow to Barbara Sizemore, and to all those interested in seeing her reorganization plan succeed, including the school board. "I'm going to be in a bind, I'm going to be in a big hurtin'! I don't know how we're going to handle it," Sizemore told a Post reporter. As architect of PACTS and the decentralization plan, Haskins had been distressed by the absence of cooperation between the various school system interest and discouraged about the lack of enthusiasm in the community-at-large about decentralization and community control of schools.

Haskins' disillusionment raises a deeper question about the possibilities of successful decentralization and community control. As Nancy Harrison of the DC Citizens for Better Public Education wrote in a recent book review: "Unless community control means massive effort by hundreds of parents, it is a futile exercise or another form of rule by a small elite (those who go to meetings). The recent Anacostia Project elections in Washington are a case in point — lots of people to be elected and very few voters. (And do we know how much control the 'community' really has, or wants, and whether it has any lasting effect on the education of the children?)"

- The establishment of non-graded, multi-age classrooms, in which children are grouped according to skills. Hypothetically this system would have the advantage of more closely emulating the real world than age graded classrooms do, and or bringing out the best in older children who would serve as models for younger ones. A more certain advantage of this reorganization is that it eliminates junior high schools, which are described as "jungles of non-learning." For the immediate future, schools will be divided into "primary" grades (K-4), "intermediate" (5-9), and "upper" grades (10-12).

Problems: With the resignation of deputy superintendent Floretta McKenzie, this program is without adequate leadership. How will children be placed? Sizemore says only that it has not been worked out yet. "She is against IQ tests and other 'culture-based' examinations."

Teachers will need additional training to conduct non-graded classrooms. This will mean, among other things, a longer school day for teachers, a problem over which contract negotiations between the board and the union have become stalled.

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- The creation of curriculum changes, emphasizing concepts rather than facts; the bringing of career education into the regular classrooms beginning in elementary schools; and the "mainstreaming" of special education (handicapped) students into regular classrooms where possible in an effort to prevent their isolation from normal life.

Problems: The loss of Ms. McKenzie will be felt here, too. The proposals will require new funds, which have not yet been located, as well as additional training for teachers, which has not yet been adequately arranged. Also needed, and sadly lacking, are methods for evaluating programs and children, which are essential if youngsters, especially the handicapped, are to be appropriately placed according to their abilities and needs.

- The introduction of up-to-date management methods, including the establishment of an office of communications, an office for "facilities planning," and another for "research planning and evaluation."

Problems: The chances for success in this area are considered about as likely as Billy Graham being named as an indicted co-conspirator in the Watergate coverup. It could happen, but who believes it will?

Sizemore has brought only five new people, one having been Haskins, into the top 35 administrative positions, and her business people are thought by many to be above their heads. By Sizemore's own reckoning, the DC school's management system is 12 years behind. Existing plans for modernizing and automating the system are far from concrete and have no price tags attached to them. Where the necessary funds would come from is not clear at this time.

- Finally, the superintendent proposes that the central administration be converted into an "administrative team," which would abolish the office of superintendent. Top administrators would have equal rank, would make decisions on a cooperative basis according to the PACTS process, and would all be accountable for decisions.

Problems: Since no one is able to fathom how the PACTS method will effectively work at lower levels, there is no knowing how it will produce a consensus at levels of greater authority, especially since people in places of power tend to develop an unhealthy appetite for increased and exclusive power. Further, unless the top administrative team is composed of highly capable people, their shared efforts will result in a mere compounding of incompetence, on an exponential scale.

The key to carrying out the superintendent's program for reorganizing the District schools is rightly seen this way by Sizemore: "First, the people have to decide that they're all working for the same thing, which they are. And then, secondly, they have to decide that they all have to work together, which they haven't decided yet."

Hopefully, Ms. Sizemore will shortly demonstrate that she has made the last decision for herself in the affirmative; that is the crucial ingredient without which there can be no success.

The campaign reform charade

SAM SMITH

OUR text for today comes from James W. Clark, until recently president of the Metropolitan Washington Savings and Loan League. Clark recently told his fellow S&Lers:

"In many cases the victory goes to the man with the most financial backing, regardless of his capabilities to fill the office for which he is running."

Clark told his colleagues that they "should individually contribute to the political party — or to the candidate — of our choice."

In less direct terms, Vincent C. Burke, the new president of the District Bankers Association told a meeting of the group: "If ever bankers should be statesmen, it should be now."

What the bankers and savings & loans officials understand to a far greater extent than the proliferating mob of campaign reformers is that there is more than one way to a candidate's heart. If you can't do it with \$5,000 contributions from the association treasury, you just shift to what is euphemistically known as a "broader base," i.e. five S&L officials contributing \$1,000 or 10 giving \$500 each. Since the number of persons in Washington who can afford to contribute even \$100 to a local political campaign is finite, it is likely that even with a campaign limit of, say, \$100,000, about one thousand people decide who are the 'viable' candidates.

Much of the current talk about campaign financing is based on a fraudulent presumption that if you reduce the amount of individual contributions and campaign expenses somewhat you will reduce the influence of the big money. In fact, what appears to be happening is that it is simply becoming cheaper to be a political angel. People like Walter Washington and Sterling Tucker (and to a lesser extent even someone like Clifford Alexander) can go to the big money mules, ask them for a contribution certified honest by the U.S. Congress and have their coffers filled to the legal limit with less time and effort than back in the old corrupt days with their tiresome five-bucks-here — ten-bucks-there drives so necessary on top of the large gifts.

The current outpouring of financial disclosures provides some early evidence of how this process works. As of June 10 Sterling Tucker had received 18 contributions totaling \$5,170. No one contributed more than \$500 (although three husband & wife teams chipped in a combined total of \$1000 bringing the effective number of contributions down to 15). There was only one contribution less than \$100 in the lot. Should this ratio hold, Tucker could plan a \$100,000 campaign with only 300 contributors.

Now let's look at the "people-oriented" campaign of Cliff Alexander. First out of the gate with a contributor list, Alexander reported 210 contributions for a total of \$33,045. But 116 of those contributions came from those offering \$100 or more providing nearly \$30,000 of the total amount. Twenty-five people contributed over half the amount. Should

future contributions come in on the same basis, the people's campaign could get along with 600 contributors — with half the money coming from around 75 people. So much for the grass roots.

To eliminate the influence of special interests, campaign contributions are either going to have to be reduced far below even a \$100 limit, we are going to have to go to public funding of campaigns or we will need a combination of both.

The reform movement is missing its mark in other ways as well. Attempting to cure all of political ills with a rash of legislation may prevent another Nixon campaign but it also unreasonably bureaucratizes politics. It is dangerous, if not unconstitutional, to attempt to make honest folk out of politicians, for it creates a bias toward sanitized candidates whose only virtue may be that they have done nothing wrong and know how to fill out forms. Reformers have made this mistake in the past. For example, the Hatch Act for all its merit, probably hastened the alienation of the national government from the people, creating a federal establishment that was by law politically remote. More recently, the Democratic Party's attempts at establishing fair quotas proved nearly disastrous. And history tells us that more than a few of our better politicians had a bit of larceny in them.

Now we have John Gardner and Ralph Nader and their legions of honesty trying to clean up politics and in the process moving us towards a politics in which only the pure of purpose can participate. But honesty is only one of the virtues and may, in fact, be less important than is generally believed. Most of the errors of government come from those who are honest but stupid and most of the evil comes from those who are not only dishonest

but venal and petty and self-serving. If Richard Nixon had ripped off the country for a reasonable figure, say, a million dollars, without subverting the police and political system as well, his chances of surviving impeachment would be immeasurably improved. If he had kept inflation in check, provided a decent domestic program and made a significant improvement in Americans' lives other than himself and his friends, we might be much more inclined to forgive his transgressions. LBJ understood this; Nixon didn't.

What we have in the rush to certified honesty is a form of self-deception. We could require that all candidates strip, bend over and cough for a Department of Human Resources doctor and it would have about as much effect on eliminating corruption in government. The reasons are several, among them:

- In reducing total campaign expenses we have not reduced the proportional influence of large power blocs and in fact may in some cases have increased it. Only public financing and/or a limit say of \$10 or \$25 on contributions can do that.

- We are still permitting campaigns that are expensive enough to allow commercials and other propaganda to triumph over discussion and debate.

- We remain relatively helpless to police unreported cash contributions and cash expenditures (e.g. to individual campaign workers).

- And finally, as Prince Georges Councilman Winfield Kelly, a Democrat running for reelection, put it the other day, "Let's face it. If you're going to take bribes or kickbacks, you're not going to report them on your W-2 form or in a financial disclosure statement."

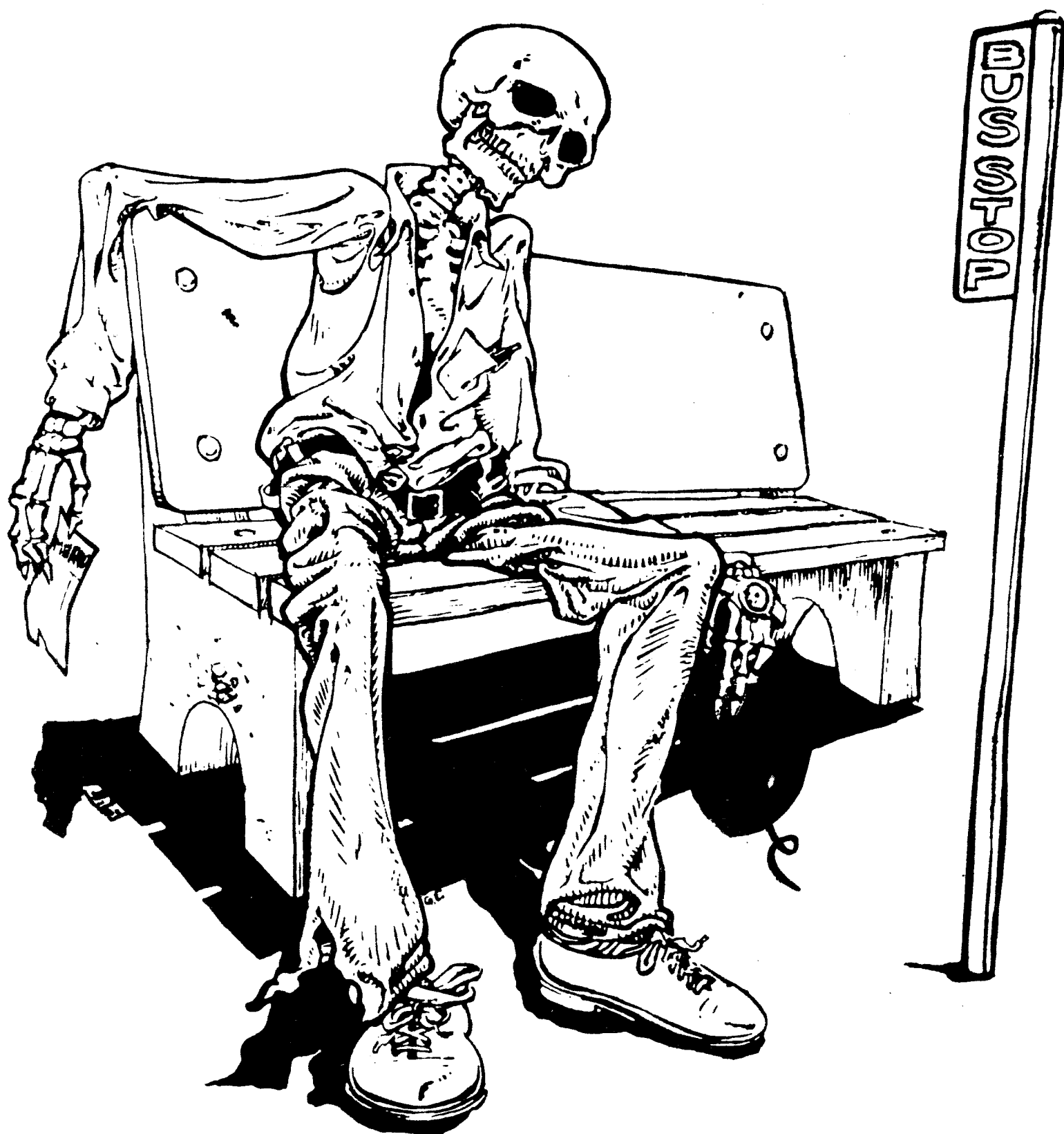
But after several weeks of hard work, I've finally sorted it all out. First of all, you've got to remember that there are three major parties in town: the Democrats, the Republicans and the Statehoodites. The reason you've got to remember that is because the Republicans are supporting the same people as the Democrats for mayor and city council chairing, so it's easy to forget. The way you can tell the Democrats and the Republicans apart is that the Republicans are running Adam Foster and Abe Rosenfield and the Democrats aren't. That's what they call in politics the clash of ideas.

Walter Washington is the leading candidate for mayor. You may remember him. He was last seen walking the streets shortly after the 1968 indiscretions promising to rebuild the city in 100 days. He carried

Swampoodle's Report

HI there, male and female persons out in radioland, it's your old friend Uncle Josiah with another roundup of the latest news from the town where the candidates are spreading so fast they're strangling the honeysuckle. Down at the Board of Elections they installed a machine for the candidates with a sign over it that reads: "Take a check for your proper turn, please." I was at a big political dinner the other night where they had to use two sittings for the head table.

SURE, METRO HAS PROBLEMS...



a d.c. gazette poster

out his promise. What he didn't tell us was where he was planning to rebuild it. I was talking to one small businessman the other day who's about to be displaced by urban renewal and Metro and he said that on the whole he preferred looting. "At least when we have a riot," he said, "they call out the National Guard to protect your store."

Walter Washington has, however, added a touch of humor to the campaign. Just last month, I got a news release from the Committee for Washington which started out, "Mayor Walter E. Washington will be honored for his contributions in the field of housing by the National Housing Conference..." That's pretty good for someone who has increased the waiting list for public housing forty percent during his term of office.

But in politics, it's good intentions that count and Wally's got them. He's the sort of person who, if he had been mayor of San Francisco when the earthquake hit, would have gone on TV and said how wonderful it was to have found an issue that brought all the people of the city together. He's like the monument they have to him down on the Mall. No matter how often you leave town, or for how long, you'll find him right in the same place.

Then there's Clifford Alexander. According to what I read in the Washington Post he's running on a slogan of "Some of my best friends are black." Actually, I've looked into the matter and found to my amazement that Alexander really is black. What seems to be the trouble is that some of his blacks aren't the Post's best friends. The thing you've got to keep in mind is that the Post got Walter Washington his job and it doesn't want its unemployment compensation rate to go up.

Sam Harris is also running into trouble with the Post. It seems that back a few years ago Sam, who is a black capitalist, gave some money to the protection racket they were running out of the money laundromat at 1600 Pennsylvania. That wasn't good. On the other hand, he only gave Nixon \$2000. Walter Washington gave Nixon the whole city.

Then there's Sterling Tucker who wants to chair the City Council. Sterling believes in building bridges between people. He almost got one of them built. It was called Three Sisters. Sterling also believes in affirmative action programs, except for his contributors. And he's a man of action. When the city was faced with a rent control and condominium conversion crisis, he led the council to take emergency action putting off a decision until July.

The Republicans love Sterling. Those Democrats who don't, couldn't find anyone who could raise enough money to run against him. And the best the Statehood Party could do was to suggest my editor, who is all right, I guess, but he steals all my jokes.

Marion Barry was thinking of running against Tucker but changed his mind at the last minute. According to the papers, he reached his decision at five a.m. while driving downtown. That was his mistake. If he had been driving downtown at rush hour he would have been mad enough to run. Now Marion's going to run at large. So is Pa Del Lewis, who works for the phone company so should know the party line. Julius Hobson is running, but his trouble is that nobody's said anything bad about him for two years. It looks like a dirty campaign trick against him.

Out in the wards, they're having a big fight in Ward One. They're arguing over who did more to keep Gino's out of Dupont Circle. It's the first campaign in American history to revolve around the issue of who ordered one Gino's to go.

Then there's Which Way Shackleton who's going to run as a Democrat in Ward Three if she doesn't decide to go for the School Board. She has a whole bunch of opponents. In the Republican primary there are two main candidates, Chin-Lee and Wood-Lee, also known as Abe Rosenfield. Rosenfield has the best oiled machine.

And there's more, much more. Just you wait. And if you can't, remember that there are three jobs open on the Board of Education. You don't need to get any petitions signed and it only takes five votes to win. You get power, prestige, the lasting enmity of 3/4's of the city, \$1200 a year and, if you're good, a hall pass from Barbara Sizemore. What more could you want?

Joshua X. Sarnapoodle
Purveyor of split infinitives
for more than thirty-five years

Democratic primary best bets

Because we do not publish in August and our September issue is the annual Community Action Guide, this is the last issue of the Gazette before the Democratic primary. Therefore, we offer with unseemly haste our endorsements for the Democratic nomination.

FOR MAYOR: CLIFFORD ALEXANDER

Clifford Alexander is far from the ideal candidate for the post, lacking a record, experience or demonstrable past concern for local affairs. Nonetheless, he is not the lesser of two evils, but a rather good and competent man, albeit untested, running against a candidate who has shown a devastating willingness to sell out the interest of the city to the monied manipulators and the federal abusers of Washington. Walter Washington has produced no housing, transportation, health or economic program worth the title and has primarily spent his time securing his own future at our expense.

FOR CITY COUNCIL CHAIR: NONE

At this time only Sterling Tucker has taken out petitions to run for the post. Tucker has supported freeways; unfair property tax increases for homeowners and unfair property tax decreases for businesses; the Eisenhower Convention Center and other projects pushed by the Board of Trade et al. His recent negotiation of an increase in the usury limit, which combined a real increase in rates with gossamer promises of new availability of money for home buyers, was a typical Tuckerism, a cynical trade-off giving nothing but hope to the public while providing profits to private interests. It is best to leave this space blank.

CITY COUNCIL AT LARGE: MARION BARRY AND CARL BERGMAN

Whatever criticism one has of Barry, it remains the fact that he is one of the few politicians in town who combines political moxie with progressive instincts in a way that the latter stand a chance. As president of the school board, he directed a difficult rescue operation in a manner while not unflawed, began for the first time in decades to produce results.

Carl Bergman, well-known to readers as an associate editor of this paper, knows more about the workings of the City Council than just about anybody running. As an aide to that body, he helped write some of its better legislation and to kill some of its worst ideas. He would make a fine member.

WARD ONE: DAVID CLARKE

Tedson Meyers, the front-runner, has more than a little appeal and independence, witness his work on property tax reform and his campaign against the convention center. His record is mixed, however, and he can not be counted on to act as well as he talks. Further, he is too closely connected with the police establishment and with conservative Democratic circles to make one feel comfortable. Anyone who used Egil Krogh, Jerry Wilson, Donald Santarelli and Judge Frank Nebeker as references in applying for his job on the Council must be regarded with a certain amount of wariness.

We prefer David Clarke, a lawyer who has represented a long string of clients ranging from Julius Hobson to the people fighting the BP gas station at 18th and Columbia. Clarke is as concerned with the fairness of the law as Meyers is with the efficiency of order. Clarke has a record of activism in civil rights and criminal law reform going back to the mid-sixties. He is one of the handful of lawyers upon whom those seeking change have called over the last ten years and he has come through.

WARD TWO: SUSAN MEEHAN

John Wilson is a pleasant, often right thinking person who has used his talents more during campaigns than in between them. We supported him in his bid against the Fauntroy slate in the Democratic primary in 1972, but we feel that Susan Meehan, a candidate of prolific concerns and activities in her community, would add more to the Council. Diana Josephson, philosophically and financially tied to the city establishment, does not merit support.

WARD THREE: JOEL JOSEPH

This was a hard one. There are two other good candidates running against Polly Shackleton, whose alliances with the power brokers has grown with a decline in her interest in the causes of the rest of the city. Mary Lela Sherburne, with a strong background in education, and Kay Campbell McGrath, a hard-working anti-development organizer, are able and qualified. Joel Josephs, however, a young lawyer who has specialized in the consumer and environmental field, has that extra ability to translate good beliefs into concrete form. If elected, Joseph would probably be the person other council members would go to to get their good ideas written into fair, effective progressive law.

WARD FOUR: NONE

There may be some good candidates here, but so far all are too unknown to make any comments meaningful.

WARD FIVE: NONE

Ditto

WARD SIX: MARTY SWAIM OR JOHN ANTHONY

We are torn between Swaim and Anthony, both of whom have long and creditable records in the ward. At the moment we would give the edge to Marty on competence and John on philosophy. It's too early to judge Constance Brooks, a newcomer to the race. On the other hand, we see little reason to support either the traditional politics of Norma Wegner or the personal politics of Nadine Winter.

WARD SEVEN: WILLIE HARDY

Like the little girl with the little curl right in the middle of her forehead, when Hardy is good she is very, very good and vice versa. We like her, though, because she stands a chance of being the first voice from east of the river to make itself heard and regarded west of the river.

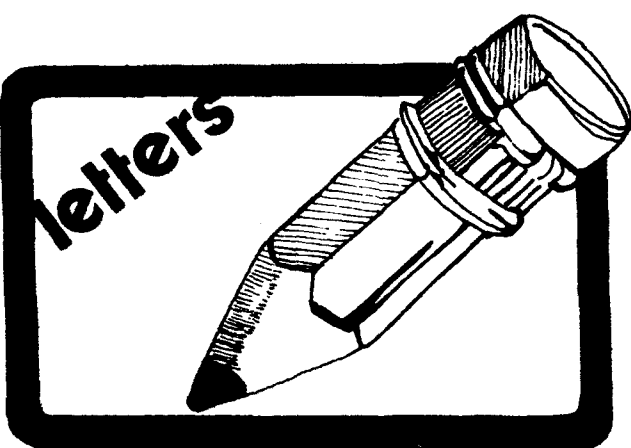
WARD EIGHT: NONE

See Wards Four and Five.

CONCLUSION

A council made up of people like this would be a good one. Unfortunately, our guess is that only Barry, Swaim and Hardy, among our choices, will end up as winners. If we had to place a bet on it we would call the election like this: Walter Washington: Mayor; Sterling Tucker: Chair; Marion Barry and Del Lewis: At Large; Tedson Meyers, Ward One; John Wilson: Ward Two; Polly Shackleton: Ward Three; Marty Swaim: Ward Six; Willie Hardy: Ward Seven; Stan Anderson: Ward Eight.

What this would mean would be a city council, while better than such bodies in many other large cities, might be inferior to the school board this year. We don't know what that means, but it makes us sorry.



COUNCILMAN DISAGREES

Dear Sam:

FIRST, in responding to your June review of the local campaigns, I think it only fair to note that until recently you were Chairperson of the D.C. Statehood Party, Third Ward. Thus your repeated praise of Statehood candidates must be appreciated as less than impartial journalism by readers who may not know of your political party leadership, however creditable it is that you take an active role in District affairs.

Second, with regard to your statement that I failed to push the Rees Bill for property tax reform, I believe that you understand as a result of our telephone conversation that you were absolutely wrong. The Rees Bill was born after a very long and fruitful meeting between the Congressman and myself, when I became aware of his respected reputation as a leader in property tax reform in the California legislature, a subject with which I also had strong interest. Since I joined the Council, I have been its leader in the subject of tax reform. In fact I proposed a workable program of tax relief for the elderly poor less than 3 months after I joined the Council only to see it shot down by then Chairman Hahn. Many of the proposals in the Rees Bill were analyzed and discussed at that first meeting, as in many later conversations with the Congressman and his principal assistant, Steve Swain, before the measure ever arrived at the Council.

I shared with Chairman Nevius responsibility for the Council's fullsome hearings on the bill and with my assistant, Ms. Lee Partridge, took charge of preparation of the Council's supporting report. This report however was changed after initial approval without informing me or Ms. Partridge, by Council staff members not directly associated with me. Thereupon I insisted upon a minority report which reflected my own stronger views. As the Chairman did not wish the Council split, an uncontroversial compromise report was forwarded to Congressman Rees. My personal views will be heard during testimony on the Rees Bill.

To clear matters up further, evidently you were not aware at the time of your last deadline that the Rees Bill was alive and kicking, and was submitted by the Congressman just about the time you went to press for June.

TEDSON J. MEYERS
City Council

Dear Ted:

I HAVE never attempted to be impartial — only right. I reject the notion that journalists should be political celibates. And while it is true that I recently spent four months as Ward Three Statehood Party coordinator, it is worth noting that you could have discovered this momentous fact in the Gazette, which if memory serves me, was the only medium that considered it significant enough to report.

As for the Rees bill, my comments were based on newspaper accounts of what you yourself describe as an "uncontroversial compromise report." I'm sorry that I did not give you credit for all the work you had done up to that point, which was considerable, but if you are going to accede to the Chairman's wishes, you can't expect an outpouring of hosannas. After all, making Jack Nevius happy is not exactly the zenith of political virtue.

— SAM

STUDENT I.D.'S

"THE Student ID Controversy" (reprint of speech by Florence Isbell) is one of the most subjectively paranoid things I have ever read. Oh, it's cleverly done for the "D.C. mentality" to be angered and burn down half the city again. ID cards are NEEDED for students for their OWN protection in D.C. And Ms. Isbell fails to mention that ID cards and registration with the local police precincts and/or Police Headquarters is required of EVERYONE living in WEST European countries. As for tourists, a carbon copy of each hotel registration is forwarded immediately to the local police. I lived in Europe for 3 years, and I never even thought about Big Brother.

JOHN F. TRIMBLE

SAGA OF CHARLES WISE-BEY

Go Through Moderation Brother -Man-
And See This World In Style
Go Out and Take It Illegally
And See Prison A While:

I Can Play Dead
Or Do A Bit On My Head
I've Been That Way Before
Thirty Days Wasn't Bad
For The Fun That I Had
And I Could Do A Helluva Lot More Days
Whos - To Play It Cool -

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My Bank Pool Bulge -
My Lifes Not Dull
Big Money's Come to Past.
I Live Gay
I'll Lay all Day - And Party
Throughout The Night
With Money Quicks
And Big Hat Chicks.
I'll Make Love And Do It Right.
Wow...For A While
I'll Acid Smile;
And Maybe Get Some Shack,
I've Got Me A Whore -
And I'm A Stickup Boy.
Big Money I'll Easy Get Back
I Should Have Looked
But Now I'm Hooked
The World Will Have to Wait.
I Need A Fix -
I Need It Real Quick
And Then I'll Try To Go Straight.
I Ran Out Of Money
And Lost My Honey
To One...Of My Best Friends:
Theres A Bank
Thats Got Lots Of Rank
I'll Soon Have Big Money Again
I Can No Longer Play - Dead
Or Do A Bit On My Head
I'm Here For a Much Longer Time.
Brother Man Can Tell,
I'm Learning My Lessons Well:

Trying To Find The Right Way After This Bust -
When I Get Off the Bus
I'm Gonna Use Science A While.
Go Through Moderation
For Lasting Duration
And See The World In Style.

CHARLES E. WISE-BEY

city forum

THE WILSON POOL
Neighborhood Planning Councils 2 and 3

IN its issue of 30 May the Uptown Citizen gave prominent space to the views of a small group of residents which has consistently opposed the projected swimming pool at Wilson High School. The article contained a number of errors.

The article claimed that the vast majority of residents within a few blocks of Wilson is opposed to a swimming complex on the school grounds: the fact is that the vast majority of residents favors a pool; to date over 5200 signatures of area residents are on petitions favoring the pool, including over 125 households within four blocks of Wilson. The article stated that the pool would serve 2880 persons daily with a turnover of 480 every two hours: the fact is that the maximum capacity of the pool is 400 and it will not be used by 2880 daily. The article said that the pool will be open to 10 pm on weekdays and 11-6 on Sundays: the fact is that no hours have been set. The article said that the complex will cost over \$4 million: the fact is that Congress has limited construction to \$3 million. The article said that the annual cost of maintenance and operation will be \$1.4 million: the fact is that the annual cost will be \$105,000. The article claimed that a committee of 21 is "pushing" the pool: the fact is that this committee of 21 and 16 alternates was freely and publicly elected by the community for the express purpose of planning the pool and is backed by at least 5200 residents of the area. The article said that one committee member lives in Virginia: this is true; she was nominated by Wilson students because she is the volunteer coach of a competitive swimming team which includes Wilson students. The article named seven citizen groups as being opposed to the pool: the facts are that two of those listed are not in the area, two have no information on the project, and one is having second thoughts. The few associations in opposition do not begin to equal those in favor; just a few of those who have expressed their support in writing are: NPC 2, NPC 3, Chevy Chase Citizens Assn., Forest Hills Citizens Assn., Friendship Citizens Assn., Ward 3 Democrats, Ward 3 Republicans, United Methodist Women at Eldbrooke, the Home and School Associations of Wilson, Deal, Janney, Lafayette, Murch. The article claimed that the opposition favored one pool for school and another for recreational use: this was long ago discarded as economically not feasible;

Citizen input

From a Zoning Commission ruling on a proposed 288 unit apartment building at Van Ness and Conn. Ave. NW:

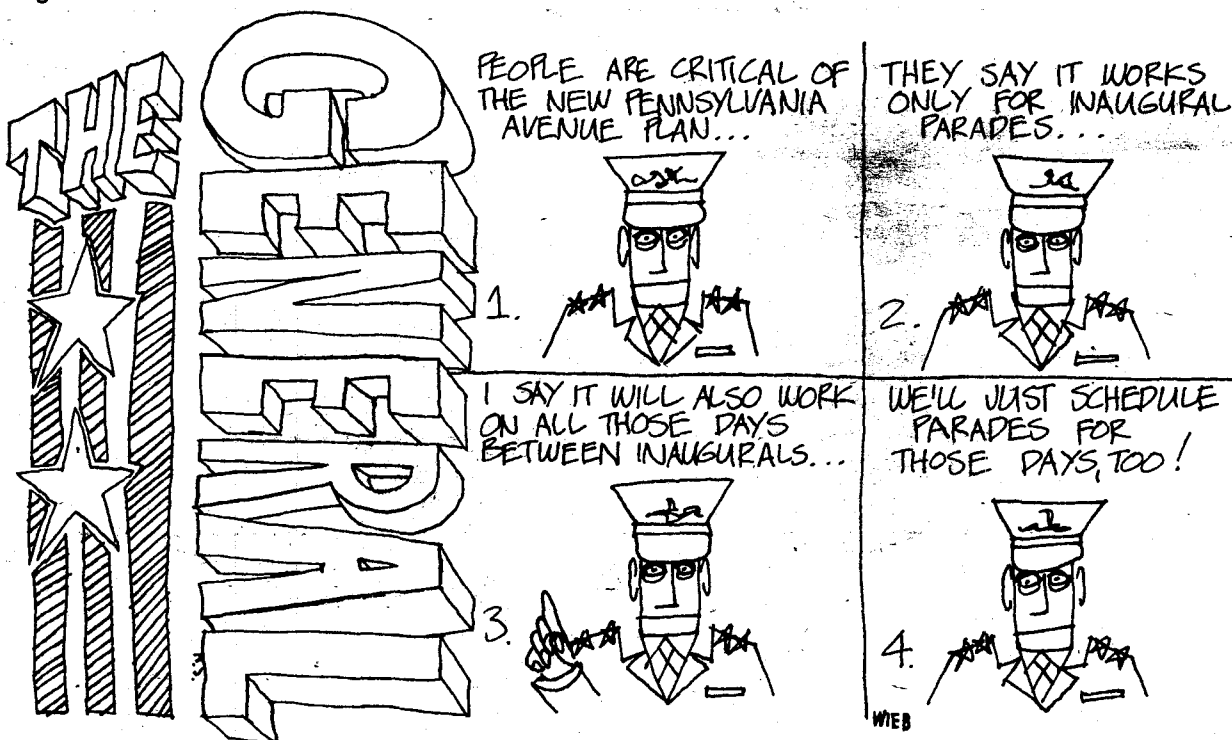
11. The office of Planning and Management found that the subject site is within the area appropriate for high density residential development, and that its rezoning would carry out the objectives of the preliminary Sectional Development Plan and the land use development elements of the Comprehensive Plan for the National Capital and recommended approval of the proposed change of zone.

12. There was opposition to the proposed change of zone by the Van Ness Development Committee, a composite group, formed by the Forest Hills Citizens Association, the Cleveland Park Citizens Association, and the Chevy Chase Citizens Association. And the Forest Hills Citizens Association as an individual entity.

Based upon the foregoing Findings of Fact, the Commission hereby makes the following Conclusions of Law:

1. The height, bulk, and density of the proposed R-5-C zone district is appropriate for this area of the city because it would have beneficial impact on the character of the surrounding neighborhood.

2. The proposed zone change is appropriate because it would lessen congestion in the street, promote health and the general welfare, prevent undue concentration of population and the overcrowding of land, would promote such distribution of population and the uses of land as would tend to create conditions favorable to the health, safety, transportation, protection of property, provide recreational opportunities, and promote efficient supply of public services.



it is clear that one structure can serve both schools and community for half the cost. The article said that private and parochial schools will not be able to use the pool during school hours: the fact is that no schedule has been determined, but it has been made clear throughout the planning that all schools, public and private, will be able to make use of the pool. The article said that testimony before the House Subcommittee indicated that the East Capitol Natatorium might be closed: the fact is that no such statement was made.

The Neighborhood Planning Councils believe that the Uptown Citizen has betrayed its trust and has done a great disservice to the residents of this area by printing an article full of bias and factual error concerning a facility needed and desired by the majority of this community.

WHY NO BIKEWAY?

Joel Joseph, Washington Bicyclist Assn.

THE Washington Area Bicyclist Association has notified Mayor Walter Washington that it will sue him for flagrantly and deliberately violating a federal order to build a pilot bikeway in the District of Columbia. The bikeway would have gone from the Key Bridge to Alabama Avenue SE, via the White House and the Capitol. Last year, pursuant to the Clean Air Act, the Environmental Protection Agency ordered the D.C. government to build this pilot bikeway by May 1. No progress on the bikeway has been made and none is in sight.

Congress appropriated funds for D.C. bikeways more than six months ago. Why is it that no progress on the pilot bikeway has been made?

The quality of the air in the District of Columbia has continued to deteriorate in recent years. Automobile exhaust is the cause of 90 percent of the air pollution in our city. Construction of the pilot bikeway will significantly reduce auto emissions and help to clear the air in the District of Columbia.

We are still in the midst of an energy crisis. With gasoline prices at 60 cents per gallon and rising, many motorists will consider abandoning their gas-guzzling automobiles and begin to ride their bicycles to work.

There is an alarming trend, both locally and nationally, of rising bicycle fatalities. Bikelanes, which separate hard traffic, cars and trucks, from soft traffic, bicycles, will help to save the lives of many bicyclist old and young alike.

The D.C. government has an extremely dismal record on bikeways. Three years ago the D.C. City Council held hearings on a proposed bikeway network but to date not one inch of bikeways in parkland throughout the city.

CONSTANCE PORTER BROOKS, CANDIDATE FOR WARD SIX CITY COUNCIL SEAT, DEMOCRATIC PARTY

SATURDAY, June 15, during the Neighborhood Planning Council #16 awards rally, I announced my candidacy for the Ward 6 City Council seat on the Democratic ticket. My

decision was made only after I considered what the task of a city council person entailed and after consulting with community and politically oriented people for their opinions. All responses were positive.

I do not consider myself a politician as such, but in a system where one has to keep on top of all aspects of day to day living, politics must become almost a part of one's personality. You have to know how the police department and courts and other parts of the government operate. For instance, when I moved on the fifth floor of a rat and roach infested apartment in 1969, the landlord refused to paint, repair and provide the bare essentials required by the DC housing code. I refused to pay my rent; consequently an eviction notice was served and I in turn met him in landlord and tenants court and won my case. During the same months several of my new furnishings were stolen and two men tried to force themselves into my apartment.

Since that time I have fought the Fire Department, stood in the welfare lines and had to "relocate" twice on thirty day's notice. I have also had to stand in line with fellow students and try to locate transcripts at Federal City College. I realize this is very mild considering the plight of many others in this Nation's Capitol.

I am 28, mother of two sons seven and nine years of age. I've been a chairperson of two child development centers, a teacher's aide, co-chairperson of Market Day and public relations assistant for Friendship House and community relations person for the Afro-American Bicentennial Southeast Freeway Project. I've been involved in prison reform projects, drug treatment programs, and community awareness activities.

Some Campaign Issues

• Community Services: A vast number of our residents are at the mercy of agencies that are supposed to serve public needs. We depend on sanitation services, public transportation, health care centers, child development centers, legal agencies and others. Many of these services are inadequate either because of a low budget resulting in stiff shortages, negligence or poor management or no feasible solutions to meet the demands of the public.

• Housing: The housing situation is deplorable. We must upgrade the rental units via housing code enforcement. Municipal repair with the landlord liable for reimbursement could be one alternative. Rent control must produce some relief for the tenants while providing a reasonable return on capital investment for landlords. There should be legislation for residents to obtain low long term bank mortgages under written by the government (similar to student bank loans). An increase for the number of units for the homesteading plan, with financing available for repairs could help the housing situation.

• Transportation: Metro should be accountable to the city council. Bus fares and re-routing should be reviewed by the council. Parking and traffic regulations must reflect that measures are being taken for the safety and convenience of the community. Definite bicycle routes and laws must be established.

• Community Relations: To improve the level of the community morale will take an effective neighborhood advisory council (as voted for under home rule) and a city council representative capable of working with all

segments of the community. There is a definite need for improvement in prison reform, attitudes towards senior citizens and younger adults, police actions and community response.

DAVID A. CLARKE

Candidate for Democratic Nomination in Ward I

WARD I represents one of the poorest of the wards of the city, yet the city services it receives are some of the worst. I am particularly concerned with the criminal justice system. I think that it will be a major issue in Ward I. Crime is high in Ward I yet the people fear the police as much as the criminal. We need to require police to live in DC, and we need to recruit them from DC. We need to create immediately a civilian-dominated police complaint review board with adequate powers of investigation and discipline. No governmental agency should be empowered with the responsibility of investigating itself; not the White House and not the Police Department. While on the Pilot Police Project, I drew up a plan for a much milder complaint review system which the board adopted and which the commissioner vetoed. I should like to try again and hopefully this time our mayor will have the guts to implement it.

Washington has become a test tube in which Nixon's law and order gang experiments with their repressive policies. Having turned the likes of Donald Santarelli on us, we have been made the guinea pigs of the nation with preventive detention and no-knock entries forced down our throats where they could not have passed through any elected legislature. As soon as the criminal code comes under home rule, these resurrected vestiges of barbarism can again be laid to rest but only if the people elect their own councilpeople with guts to do it and do not rubber stamp their approval by putting Santarelli's followers back in office.

Other things can and must be done as soon as the new council takes office. In Ward I, innocent people sometimes get arrested. In some cases, this is purposeful — what the police call a "hummer." Many more times it is due to human error, a misidentification or the arrest of a person with the same name as another suspect. In court, these people are

(Please turn to page 23)

BOOKS BY GAZETTE WRITERS

SAM SMITH

CAPTIVE CAPITAL: COLONIAL LIFE IN MODERN WASHINGTON. Indiana University Press. 1974.

RICHARD KING

THE PARTY OF EROS. Dell paperback. 1973.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

THE LAST PLAY: THE STRUGGLE TO MONOPOLIZE THE WORLD'S ENERGY RESOURCES. Dutton. 1973. \$10.

JOEL SIEGEL

VAL LEWTON: THE REALITY OF TERROR. Viking Press 1973. \$6.95 hardback. \$2.75 paperback. Available at Discount Books and Brentano's.

ARMANDO RENDON

CHICANO MANIFESTO: THE HISTORY AND ASPIRATIONS OF THE SECOND LARGEST MINORITY IN AMERICA. MacMillan 1971. \$7.95 hardback. \$1.95 paperback.

PATRICIA GRIFFITH

THE FUTURE IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE. Simon Schuster. 1970.

CHUCK STONE

TELL IT LIKE IT IS. Trident 1968. BLACK POLITICAL POWER IN AMERICA. Bobbs-Merrill 1968, hardback. Dell 1969, paperback.

KING STRUT. Bobbs-Merrill 1970.

LARRY CUBAN

TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE: TEACHING IN THE INNER CITY. Free Press 1970.

YOUTH AS A MINORITY. National Council for Social Studies. 1972

BLACK MAN IN AMERICA. Scott, Foresman 1964. Revised 1971.

PROMISE OF AMERICA. Philip Roden co-author. Scott, Foresman 1971.

washington review

JULY-AUGUST 1974



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VOL. I NR. 4

MUSIC

HUGH MASEKELA AND HEDZOLEH SOUNDZ:
"We're Not an American Band"
Reviewed by Gordon Fletcher

"GOING back to the roots" is such a hollow cliché these days that at first it's hard to believe Hugh Masekela really spent a year in Africa with that in mind. Fortunately for Masekela the retreat both recharged his musical batteries and provided him with a new band, a new sound, and some newfound confidence.

Hedzoleh Soundz, the name of this new Masekela ensemble, "is the kind of music I've wanted to do all along," he says with an obvious flash of pride. "This is a context in which I can open up and play my true feelings."

It isn't at all surprising that Masekela would finally achieve his dream in the company of African musicians — he's South African by birth and he's always considered his "true feelings" intertwined with his cultural heritage. "Growing up in my situation exposes you to a lot of musical influences you'll find nowhere else" he says, explaining why his earlier attempts at creating a "grassroots" African feeling left him unsatisfied. "The very basic qualities of African music were simply beyond their grasp," says Masekela of his earlier bands. "What I wanted from them were things that you just can't teach non-native musicians. The things I was looking

for have to be felt in the heart and played because they're a part of the musician. It all comes from living the African culture, and to find that I had to go back to Africa."

Masekela has travelled quite a road to get to where he is today — most black South African children don't even dream of beating the apartheid system as resoundingly as he did. What helped Masekela immeasurably in his escape from the jaws of apartheid was his incredible intelligence, though hard work, the right connections and by his own admission — "good luck" were certainly invaluable in his obtaining clearance to study music seriously at England's prestigious Royal Academy of Music. Harry Belafonte heard him there and was so impressed that he arranged a full four-year scholarship for Masekela at the Manhattan School of Music.

"Learning all the technical aspects of music was certainly helpful," Masekela remembers, "but toward the end I really started to feel stifled — I wanted to get out and play my own music." One exam away from the completion of his studies Masekela split for the role of sessionman. A few financially profitable gigs and abortive attempts at forming a satisfactory band later, he drifted back to his ex-Manhattan School roommate Stewart Levine, and the two of them decided to form Chisa Records.

"Originally the idea was for me to play African music and have Hughie produce it" Levine remembers, "but after a few humorous attempts we decided to give that idea up." So still unsure as to whether he could sell his idea of African music, Masekela put together the band with which he cut "Grazin' In the Grass" and several "popish" albums. But this wasn't what he really wanted.

"What I was doing then really had no originality," he says. "It was all very contrived. It all happened because I came along about the time Herb Alpert was making it big with his 'South American sound,' so MCA (Chisa's parent company at the time) decided that they would make me into a black Herb Alpert. I did it but it wasn't what I wanted — I wanted the fulfillment of playing something that was me."

Masekela was finally given his chance after he and Levine set up the Chisa tent on the campgrounds of Bob Krasnow's Blue Thumb label. Granted total freedom in his search for the right musical environment, Masekela then took off for Africa. Early 1973 was rough — he was having difficulties finding musicians akin to his ideas — but then he ran into the legendary Fela Ransome-Kuti, known to some as "the Nigerian James Brown."

"I was based in Guinea," Masekela recalls, "and in each direction I turned I found that things just weren't working out. It was suggested that I get in touch with Fela, that he could be very helpful, so I wrote him a letter and asked if it would be possible for me to record in Nigeria since I was having problems getting the right musicians and studio. He wrote back that I should come down right away — I could either record with his band or he'd help me find other musicians if that didn't work out."

Ransome-Kuti's band was no slouch outfit — Ginger Baker could just barely keep up with them and they decided that Paul McCartney wasn't up to their standards — but for various reasons Masekela wasn't able to come up with what he wanted in their company. In the meantime, though Ransome-Kuti arranged for him to see Hedzoleh Soundz, a youthful quintet that had just won a nationwide competition for the title of "the national band of Ghana."

PHIL SWEENEY
AGENT

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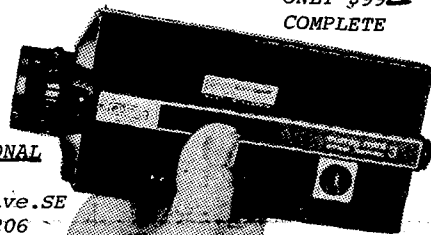
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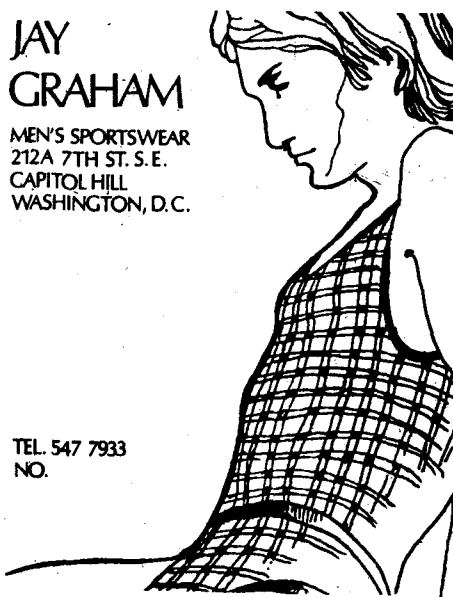


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He immediately knew that this was what he'd had in mind all along.

"At the very first moment I heard them I could feel that we were playing on the same wavelength," he says. "Right then and there we decided to record together."

There followed the beginning of an extremely cordial musical relationship. There are no prima donnas or superstars in this ensemble, though it was originally planned that Hedzoleh Soundz merely play back-up behind Masekela's original material. "We soon gave that idea up," Masekela explained, "once we jammed it became obvious that it would be better for me to learn their material, then re-arrange it so that my playing could fit in."

The ground rules agreed upon, the union of Masekela and Hedzoleh Soundz was so successfully completed that it took but one long weekend to cut their first album — at Baker's 16-track studio in Lagos. "We all knew what we wanted to do," Masekela says with a smile of satisfaction, "there was no need for any explanations." Their record is a delightfully African sound, heavy on indigenous African rhythms and the dark continent's cultural mysticism, and Masekela views it as a complete success. "Never before have I felt so satisfied with something I've done."

Though the album and the band's live performances have drawn favorable responses, Masekela wonders if something as intrinsically African as his music can be accepted on its own terms in America. "This is African music," he emphasizes, "and I have doubts as to whether America is ready to embrace something that is totally African. On all the gigs we've done so far people have really dug what we're doing, but it seems to be more because we're a 'good band' and 'we play good music' than a case of people identifying with what we're playing."

Masekela feels it's very important that his music with Hedzoleh Soundz not be sloughed off as still another entry in the field of 'Third World' music. "This 'third world' thing is just an excuse to keep people from coming to grips with our being African," he asserts. "The 'third world' includes China and a lot of other places that have nothing to do with Africa — they also have nothing to do with America which is why it's so easy for the white man to lump them together. Kung Fu got popular all of a sudden and yet nobody goes around calling it 'third world self-defense. We are not a 'third world' band — we are an African band and we want people to relate to us with that in mind."

Masekela obviously has very strong feelings on this matter, but nonetheless he's not a bitter man in the slightest. Where he once saved all his money in hopes of helping to finance a Pan-African isolationist movement, he now hopes that Hedzoleh Soundz will nurture a slow but steady growth in American appre-

UP AGAINST THE WALL

THREE local arts institutions have come to the end of the line unless something drastic happens. The National Ballet, the Black Repertory Theatre Company and the Washington Theatre Club (housing of late the New Theater) have run out of cash, and while there has been a flurry of fund-raising and salvage efforts, prospects are dim. While the debt of the National Ballet is reportedly in the quarter of a million dollar bracket, the other two organizations, however, have manageable debts, if public assistance is provided. For example, the Washington Theatre Club has fallen behind on its mortgage on a valuable property at 23rd & L NW. If foreclosure takes place, the location will probably be used for high rise development. Meanwhile, the city, which is willing to spend \$35 million to subsidize the exteriors of downtown businesses, sits by while a \$30,000 mortgage payment of an important cultural site goes unpaid.

The city give considerable lip service to black culture, but when the chips are down it could care less if Paul Allen's efforts are replaced by a high-rise or Robert Hooks moves back to New York. This attitude could change, and perhaps fairly rapidly, if the efforts that are directed at private fund-raising were turned instead upon the city council and commissioner's office. It makes considerably more sense for the city to purchase the property of the WTC and the Last Colony Theatre for free or low-rent use by groups than it does to build multi-million dollar public buildings whose capital costs will never be recouped. If the city bought WTC, for example, it would be at the very least, a sound real estate investment.

Now is as good a time as any for the arts community to march on the District Building and demand that the officials there, instead of coming to so many openings, keep a few important cultural places open.



JULIE MOORE, VOCALIST-PIANIST, IS NOW APPEARING AT THE CHARLES HOTEL LOUNGE, 14th & R NW, 10-2 THURSDAYS THRU SATURDAY. Joining Ms. Moore are Kenny McLean, bass (left); Hubert Drake, drums (right) and Gazette contributor Carl Turner on sax.

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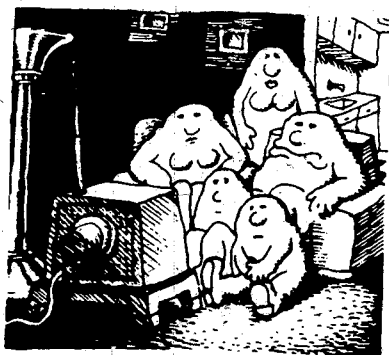
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ciation of African music. Maybe if they like Hedzoleh Soundz, he figures, then they might want to hear what else Africa has to offer in the way of music. "There's bands over there that really deserve a chance — bands that are far more indigenous to African heritage than we are" Masekela says. "If we can do something to help them come over here and be successful then I'll be very happy."

MOTT THE HOOPLE

Reviewed by Jim Ramsey

AFTER five years, six American tours, and seven albums, the British rock group Mott the Hoople has finally achieved their quest for musical stability and identity. But their odyssey has been quite costly.

In their early days, Mott was desperately attempting to find out what their music was all about. Guitarist Mick Ralphs would be playing the hell out of his axe, while lead vocalist Ian Hunter was feigning Dylan vocals and lyrics, and keyboard player Verden Allen confronted Hunter on Piano and churned out songs that pleased only himself. And with drummer Dale Griffith and bassist Overend Watts maintaining their subdued musical personalities, Mottmusic added up to produce a very disjointed sound.

In the Spring of 1972, Mott was in debt, at odds with one another (due mainly to what material should be done), and after being dropped by their record company, the boys were ready to call it quits. Then out of nowhere came their fairy godmother who rescued Mott before they were put out to rock 'n' roll pasture.

The debonair David Bowie had contacted Mott and told them that he had a song that they just had to do, entitled "All the Young Dudes." The song was cut, and it became a big hit in England. A new contract and album followed, and Mott the Hoople was back on its feet, off and running.



IAN HUNTER by Patti Jacoby

Which is when they began to run into each other, again. The quarrels over material were renewed, and just as All the Young Dudes was pinnacled, Allen left Mott when his ultimatum of two songs per album was not met by Hunter. Hunter had followed Bowie's suggestion, and started to play "god" for the group, in order to give Mott its badly needed direction.

When it came time for their sixth album, Mott, last summer, Mick Ralphs decided that he too would leave, feeling that he was too limited within Mott and it would be best for the group not to fight Hunter. His last gig with Mott was here in Washington, August 19, 1973, at the Kennedy Center.

April 1974 brought Mott the Hoople to the United States for their sixth American tour which would include 30 cities and five nights at the prestigious Uris Theater on Broadway. Morgan Fisher took over the piano chores, and Luther Grosvenor, now calling himself Ariel Bender, was recruited from Spooky Tooth, to replace Ralphs. Their seventh album, The Hoople, was released during April, and

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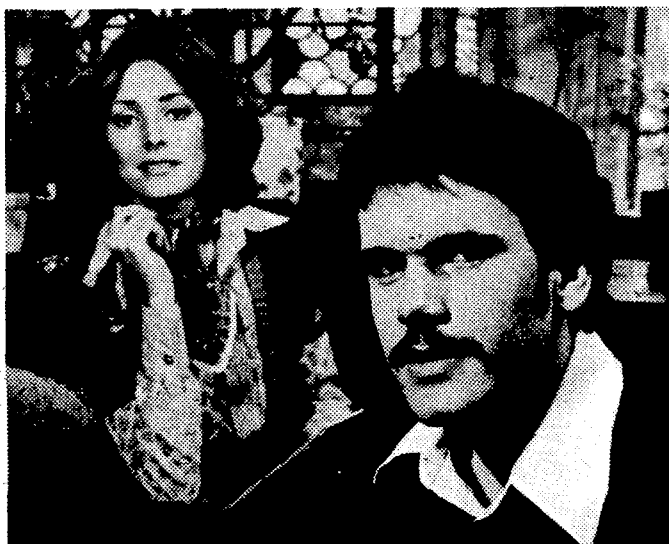
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although it reconfirmed Hunter's genius as a master lyricist, it was lacking in the musical proficiency and R&R punch that was identified for a short time with Mott the Hoople. Instead, The Hoople now makes Mott sound like a quasi-MORish rock band, with cute lyrics and a slight flair for the theatrical.

Perhaps one expected too much from Mott. What made them a great band was the way the Allen/Hunter/ Ralphs trio could balance out the excesses of one another. This combination was working best for All The Young Dudes, which was their best effort in every respect. Had they been able to stave off their egos and concentrate on maintaining their musical momentum, Mott the Hoople could have reached a point today at which they could have been ranked along side the likes of the Who and Led Zeppelin.

So it goes. As they were, the talents in the group just could not work together. As it is now, Mott will continue to ride on the wave of Hunter's lyrical talents, and the raves of the current popularity. But as proven by many of their predecessors, musical creativity, expertise, and proficiency are what giants are made of, and the waves and raves for Mott cannot be maintained for too long. By destroying the trinity and playing god, Hunter has reduced Mott the Hoople to musical mediocrity.

ROAD FOOD, Guess Who, RCA
Reviewed by David Logan

THE Guess Who have put together an admirable string of AM hits and solid albums during their decade of existence. Though there have been major personnel changes during that time (notably the departure of founder Randy Bachman), they have consistently found a knack for the AM rocker market, with a dash of social commentary thrown in. Dating from "American Woman" the group has been more and more under the direction of keyboardman Burton Cummings whose keen eye for satire (cynical and otherwise) is fully intact on Road Food. This is probably the best release from any of the groups in the Steely Dan mold of rock in the past two years; full of catchy

tunes ("Star Baby," "Road Food") and forays into other styles (scat singing on "Straighten Out," Jay & the Americans early sixties sound in "Pleasin' for Reason," trendy American Graffiti r&r in "Clap for the Wolfman"). Although they occasionally get a wee bit heavy-handed in their messages concerning the absurdities of show biz, overall Road Food is a totally refreshing album, exemplary of where American/Canadian rock stands as we approach the mid-point in the 70's.

BOOKS

CAPTIVE CAPITAL: COLONIAL LIFE IN MODERN WASHINGTON, Sam Smith (Bloomington, London: Indiana University Press, 1974)
Reviewed by Jim Herbert

ROBERT'S Rules of Order, that ubiquitous by-law of American social organization, began its career as a manual for voluntary neighborhood organization in the District of Columbia. This is appropriate trivia to retain from Sam Smith's new book because Captive Capital ultimately argues for statehood by evoking the vitality and political creativity of Washington community life in the last fifteen years. Explicitly addressed to the whites with power to bring about statehood, the book is also a collective memoir of the trials and humane pleasures already experienced in constructing urban freedom.

Smith's account of our trials brings a smile of recognition to those who have known them first-hand. "Squads of high school students" troop through the national marbles, and incidentally through our living place. Instead of self-government has been imposed "a bureaucratic jungle through which powerful Tarzans could swing easily from tree to tree" but which the citizenry could neither choose nor control. As a result, special

interests like road-builders and realtors have "all had their piece and the city lies knocked down and knocked up." Fear has functioned as an instrument of control and many in the city have yielded to police "sirens luring liberty onto the rocks of safety." Finally awarded not the substance but the shadow of "home-rule," the city-wise understandably greeted the Trojan horse with "rampant calm."

Advantage is the ordinary argument for genuine self-government: the public business would be more effectively managed to produce greater goods for greater numbers. Smith's rehearsal of the damage inflicted by outside management is a negative and particularly effective way of making this point. That Alexandria does not clamor for re-admission to the District cannot surprise his readers. Captive Capital occasionally suggests positive advantages that might follow from self-government: racial conflict is handled with more sophistication at the local level; the burden of a massive central bureaucracy could be eased; Washington has the potential to become one of the more progressive cities in the nation. But the root argument against colonial domination is not advantage but impertinence. Who has the moral standing to deny 750,000 Americans the ordinary political exercise enjoyed throughout the nation? White America? The Congress? The President? Who, indeed! Sam Smith puts the case in a more measured tone. "The demand for full self-determination rests not on the promise of excellence. . . Rather the demand rests on the simple need for equity."

This uncompromised requirement of political equality is often taken to be a radical stand. But the experiential tone of Smith's book gives it an interesting conservative twist. The conservatives tell us that it is free people who make free governments, and not vice-versa. And Captive Capital documents the growth in Washington of a vibrant, creative, resourceful political society. Despite outrageous impositions and insults, Washingtonians have managed to build a community which is "attractive, civil, interesting, and pleasant." It is "one of the sanest and most decent places in urban America." Free and able people already live together in this city, and they will — in one way or another — govern themselves.

This awakening of polity in the city and neighborhoods of Washington is very close to

"Sam Smith's book is not to be missed."
— Publisher's Weekly

"A forceful, well-argued indictment of the anomalous political and constitutional status of Washington D.C. by the editor of the D.C. Gazette and activist in the capital's Statehood Party. Smith contends that for Washington's populace the "stage set of the evening news" is "not the capital of the free world, but a colony" whose monumental grandeur and gaudy livery hides its menial condition. . . . An outstanding close-up of the decay of civil life inside a monument."

— Kirkus Reviews

CAPTIVE CAPITAL blows up the popular image of Washington with a look behind the pageant — at the Washington where 750,000 Americans live in a hidden colony, denied the rights other Americans take for granted. Beyond being a book about contemporary non-federal Washington, however, CAPTIVE CAPITAL is must reading for anyone concerned about urban problems. Using Washington as an example, author Sam Smith tells why cities in America have failed and what we can do about it.

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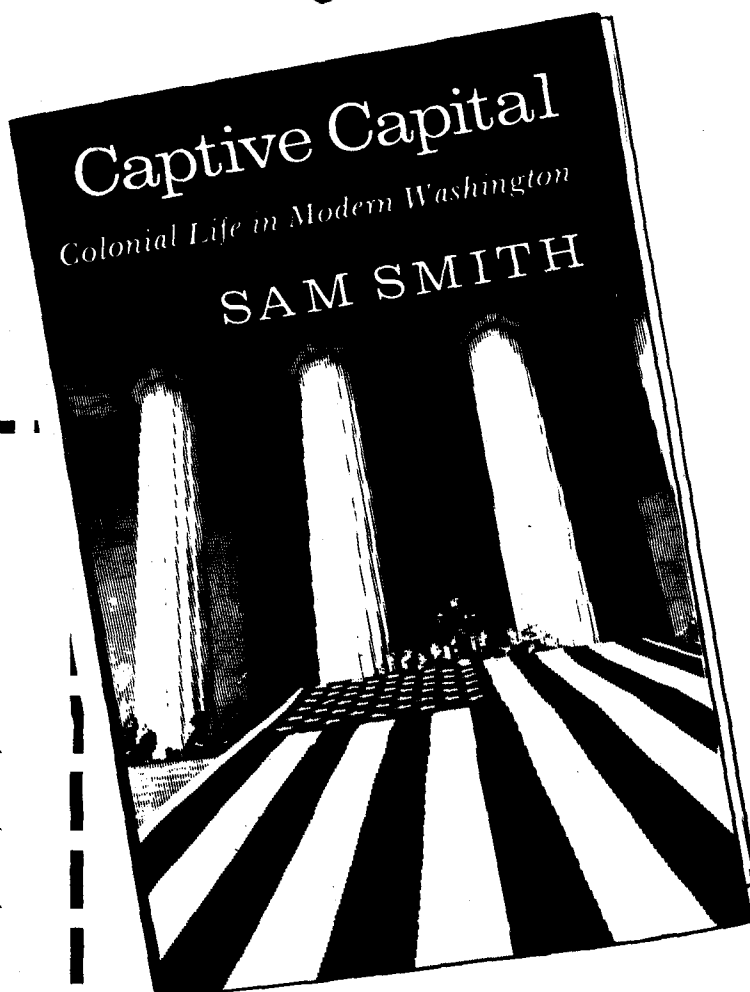


Photo by Roland L. Freeman

the heart of Sam's work and our experience. He writes that the District has never profited from the great cyclic upswings of national conscience, but he must also observe that Washington's substitute for strong native leadership has often been immigrants taking the city for their home. And it happens that the work of recent immigrants has had very much to do with the national conscience. Smith recalls that by 1960 Washington had realized a national, white nightmare: a black majority in a major American city. To some black immigrants this meant a special opportunity to build an urban home and urban power. To some white immigrants the shift of national conscience toward constructing strong, active, face-to-face communities meant facing the nightmare from a different angle. Petula Clark's "Downtown" and Harvey Cox's *Secular City* may have fueled a white urban romance of "restoring" communities of pretty little townhouses with colonial trappings, but the romance very rapidly encountered another kind of colonial trapping. Washington as a whole is "a city that has suffered a form of deprivation known primarily to the poor and imprisoned, a psychological deprivation born of constant suppression and denial of one's identity, worth or purpose by those in control." Under these circumstances fear of the deprived could be transformed into a shared and exhilarating fight against political deprivation. For whites statehood for the so-called "Last Colony" could come to mean exorcism of the colony within.

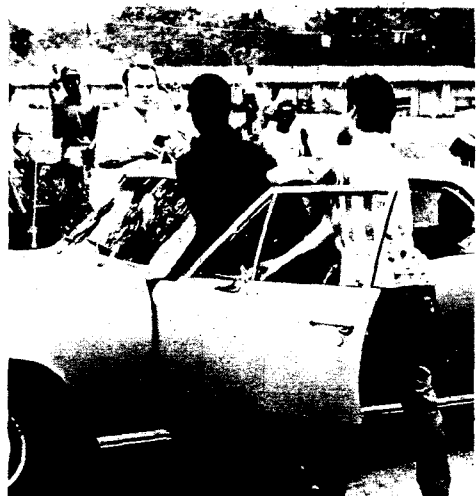


Photo by Roland Freeman

The value of this transformation is debatable. Are we improving neighborhoods or dispossessing neighbors? "Private renewal... has made deteriorating streets into exciting urban neighborhoods." But Smith must qualify this description of Capitol Hill by "however" in the next sentence, which itself is qualified by "yet" in the third. Are we involved in the tangible realities of local community or in the symbolics of an abstractly conceived national purpose? Statehood and urban decentralization are prescriptions appropriately derived from the Washington experience, but Smith must suggest their national utility. *Captive Capital* is a book about local community, but its title refers to the national capital.

This ambivalent white conversion may still have its uses. The major difficulty with the statehood proposition has been in making this obvious, easily effected solution... obvious. Perhaps the role of exorcised whites is to make the idea conceivable for the remainder. For statehood will surely be built on both Black Power and White Freedom. Once thinkable the idea of statehood becomes so compelling as to fall under Julius Hobson's Rule of Parliamentary Procedure: "Everyone in favor of this idea say aye, the rest get the hell out of here."

RADICAL PARADOXES: Dilemmas of the American Left: 1945-1970. By Peter Clecak. Harper & Row, 1973, 358 pg. \$11.95. Reviewed by Leonard Shanks

SINCE Karl Marx never thoroughly charted the future, it may be something of a consolation to Marxist intellectuals that their similar probes have been confused. They did, however, foresee a break between the preliminary results of proletarian victory and the quite different pattern once the product of socialist construction had borne fruit. The first schema was generally called socialism; the latter communism. It is this theoretical gap, turned nightmarish chasm in the 20th

century, that serves as theoretical underpinning to Peter Clecak's study of Marxist intellectuals in post-World War II America. If the goal of socialism is elimination of exploitation and abolition of a class society, then the promise of communism is the overcoming of alienation and a rebirth of community, the creation of a "new man." Clecak assumes socialism to be historically possible and desirable, but categorizes the communist ideal as utopian and mythical.

Yet it is toward this myth that the most challenging, and interesting, modern American Marxist thinkers have been turning. Clecak examines in detail the intellectual journeys of C. Wright Mills, economists Paul Baran and Paul Sweezy, and Herbert Marcuse; and, in a much less satisfactory chapter, the ideology of the New Left, particularly SDS and the Yippies. This turning from historical analysis to philosophical myth, from a sociology of change to a dialectic of liberation arises, contends Clecak, with an increasing consciousness of the disparity between social aims and social realities in a non-revolutionary society. And thus the Marxist intellectual without a working class constituency must split radical theory from political action. He then confronts the paradox indicated by Clecak's title - that Marxism is premised on complete and total proletarian victory, which seems impossible. A paradox bankrupts the nature of the choices available; there is no way out.

Clecak shows how the pressure to resolve radical paradoxes, what C. Wright Mills called "this moral anguish which is crushing me," weakened and distorted the social analysis of those who are his case studies. To Clecak, Mills' hope that the rationality of intellectuals and students would solve our problems betrayed an "authoritarian" lack of trust in common people. Baran and Sweezy's *Monopoly Capital* and Marcuse's *One-Dimensional Man* create "cartoons" of the status quo. And, writes Clecak, if Sweezy's conversion to Maoism and Marcuse's "new sensibility" as a biological foundation for socialism are incredible, the New Left was preposterous.

The tragedy is that the old socialist idea of eliminating exploitation and class structures does (or should) remain relevant, for it is the only possible way out of the catastrophe of capitalism; and utopian communist harangues about the end of alienation and the coming of a "new man" simply delay the serious business at hand, and repel the "old man." The moral Clecak offers us is that the "old man" is good enough for socialism, and that socialism is rather mild ("bourgeois" he calls it). Included are differential rewards, material rather than moral incentives, and the work ethic. It is rigorously democratic, and has some form of "participatory democracy." Clecak's goal - democratic socialism founded on public ownership, and market, not central, planning - would "resemble capitalism more than communism." It would seek to create a decent society (Barrington Moore's phrase), not to change human nature.

Clecak intends his book as a contribution to the discussion of the nature and historical future of socialism. He succeeds brilliantly. The four case studies and the theoretical argument are extremely well done (and well written) particularly the C Wright Mills chapter, despite the necessity of being rather technical. The book is a tremendous accomplishment and hopefully will go far in reinvigorating a much needed general discussion of what socialism is and is not.

(Leonard Shanks is a recent graduate of the University of Maryland and now works in Greenbelt.)

STRINGER by Ward Just
Reviewed by Patricia Griffith

THERE'S often a sad, anachronistic quality about white, middle class people born around 1935. They saw traces of the depression but grew up during the patriotic chauvinism of the '40's and matured during the banal and nasty '50's. When the '60's came along with its turmoil of young, righteous moralism they often felt envious, cheated, and old before their time. As a result they are liable to be disengaged and cynical.

Ward Just knows the time well and his book, *Stringer*, evokes such times and attitudes. It is also an adventure story set in

Vietnam and the story of Stringer, the uncommitted man, and his two friends, Steinberg and Boone, and ultimately their madness.

Through flashbacks interspersed in the action we meet the early Stringer, a loner and student at the University of Chicago toward the end of its heyday. There Stringer recalls the discovery of Reisman before the crowd. We are also given Stringer's description of his peers:

"Deadly serious, they had no sense of caprice. They yearned for the control exercised by their fathers. . . . Stringer despised his own history - the special persistent echo of small American towns, confident families, secure futures. The pitiless, joyless advancement along well-worn roads. This spiritual boredom sprung not from decadence or exhaustion, but from fear and suspicion - frightened men turning on narrow compasses. Their success led them away, step by step, from creation. They did not build, they added on; and expired alone and disappointed. Gentler spirits learned to accommodate themselves to the rearranged landscape. Driven has a special meaning in the American language."

Stringer, like some Hemingway character, escapes through action by joining his friend Steinberg as a civilian intelligence agent with the Army's Special Action Group. The large part of the novel is a well executed story of Stringer's mission, with Price, a rule-abiding military colonel, to plant sensors along an enemy supply route, then observe from a nearby mountainside, and report on the subsequent air attacks. Though Price is killed in an existential twist for which Stringer is partially responsible, the mission is accomplished and successful.

After this Just runs into problems as he begins to deal with the moral questions of Stringer's actions and noncommitment, first in a hallucinated conversation between Stringer and his imagined Vietnamese captors and then in a scene of madness when Stringer turns his gun on the helicopter intended for his recovery. At the end of the book Stringer's metaphorical captivity has become real and he is left with his mentally impaired friend Steinberg, playing word games about their college days in Chicago.

I can be no easy task to write an adventure story about the Vietnamese war, but Just has done so with a stringent authenticity gained from his experience as a war correspondent for the Washington Post. He conveys a real sense of place - the smells, the ants, the foliage, the sensitive equipment, the enemy... and Stringer as a descendant of Hemingway's men at war is tough, able, confident and believable. But Hemingway's wars were in the '30's and '40's and it is not enough for a writer like Just to tell a good adventure story outside the moral perspectives of our time. To his credit he attempts to deal with them as well but he fails even though the failure is not complete. He has placed the man Stringer brilliantly in his time, but in his attempt to deal with the moral dimension of Stringer's adventure the book flounders. Stringer's hallucinations are deceptive and his later actions are puzzling and out of character.

Stringer is a disappointed after *The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert*, Just's fine book of short stories set in Washington and published last summer. Still it is leagues beyond his first novel *A Soldier of the Revolution*, also an adventure story but set in South America. And *Stringer* does show breadth and development, a self confidence that implies growth, and a king of reaching out that a good novelist needs.



FILM

THE GREAT GATSBY

Reviewed by John Kuhnle

THE distinction between the film *Gatsby* and Fitzgerald's novel is sharp, perhaps sharper than in most such adaptations. Fitzgerald's gift of language lies in a richness of connotation and imagery, mostly beyond the horizon of motion pictures. Simile and metaphor, the heart of lyric fiction, elude the cinema; motifs are there but intricate patterns of imagery and allusion are largely absent. If the effect is achieved, it is done differently. Can visual justice be done, for instance, to the connotations flowing beyond literal action in passages such as:

"The lights go brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher."

Or:

"On Sunday morning while church bells rang in the villages alongshore, the world and its mistress returned to Gatsby's house and twinkled hilariously on his lawn."

Once director Jack Clayton decided to film the book's literal plot, he faced another problem: should he adhere faithfully to the text as well, including reliance on a narrator's long voice-overs. Half the novel and most of its meaning is retrospectively narrated. Just what do you put on the screen while Nick Carraway drones on, explaining himself and the events of a recent summer?

Or should most of the narration be dropped except for occasional pieces put into the mouths of various characters and rely instead upon the novel's scenes? The second approach, easier to film, is the one Clayton took.

The actors' performances vary widely. Bruce Dern is convincing as Tom Buchanan but more sympathetic than the arrogant rich boor in the novel. Sam Waterston is fine as Nick Carraway, the narrator whose bemusement and faint condescension turn to stricken disbe-

lief at that of which Daisy and Tom are capable, but he's not given enough ammunition to carry off his role as moral arbiter and anchorman. His performance often confuses indulgence with irony and loses the book's force.

Lois Chiles may be most nearly right. As Jordan Baker she is beautiful, dishonest and distant, but the novel's plot of her affair with Nick is sacrificed and she functions largely as an ornamental go-between and foil. Karen Black as Myrtle Wilson, a heavy, smoldering mistress, is a seedy and unhappy garage owner's wife. In one scene, though, as she gives a friend lip-licking recollections of how she and Tom first met, she breaks into the quality of performance her part demands. Her husband, however, is pitifully overdone and a painful presence on the screen.

As Daisy, the celestial sun-center around whom all the other characters revolve, Mia Farrow offers thin stuff in a role even more crucial than that of the title character. She has a tinny three-note acting range, with no modicum of allure or coyness, and is incapable of providing even a hint of her power over men, upon which the logic of the whole story depends. The key scene in which Gatsby and Nick discuss the siren-like quality of her voice becomes laughable; whatever her voice is, "full of money" it is not. Robert Redford, on the other hand, is not bad as Gatsby. His natural restraint is appropriate for Gatsby on the whole. Redford fails only in convincing us of the transcendent yearning for Daisy that drives his career.

Screenwriter Frank Coppola and director Clayton attempt to make up for some of the shortcomings of the remarkably literal reliance on the novel's dialogue (some of it switched between characters) by dipping into the rich, narrative passages and converting bits into speech. Thus, we have such incongruities as Nick's famous closing reverie (in which he contrasts the potential of the freshly discovered New World with the divided and corrupt society it has spawned) turned into a Mutt & Jeff exchange between Nick and Gatsby:

Nick: "Can you imagine what those old Dutch sailors must have thought when they

first saw the fresh green breast of this new land?"

Gatsby: "They must have held their breath, afraid it would disappear before they could touch it."

There is no excuse for putting these lines in Gatsby's mouth. First, they are not dialogue, but more importantly they conflict completely with our understanding of Gatsby in both film and novel as a parvenu and thinly disguised roughneck.

Other miscalculations turn some of the novel's suggestions, impressions and rhetorical images into literal fact. The Valley of Ashes through which the novel's characters pass on their way from Long Island to New York City is a rhetorical impression that is described once and lingers sufficiently in the book so that it does not have to be repeated. In the film, a literal circle of Hell has been manufactured, a ludicrous set repeated a half dozen times, becoming more ridiculous with each exposure.

Another mistake occurs as the euphoric Gatsby finally has the opportunity to show Daisy his new credentials of wealth. As he displays his house and treasures, he shows off his wardrobe and pulls out multi-hued and multi-styled piles of shirts. In the novel, we register in passing Gatsby's mixture of idealism and bad taste. In the film, however, we are forced to watch three slow-motion sequences of a kinetic rainbow of shirts flying through the air accompanied by a tinkling shower of Mary Poppins music.

A final absurdity involves the bird symbols sprinkled throughout the film. The only mention of a bird in the novel is Daisy's attribution of a bird-song to a nightingale. But in the film, footage of birds, both pairs and singles depending upon the symbolic necessities of the moment, has been interspersed at "appropriate" points. Piled on top of Daisy's reference to the off-screen warbler are no less than six bird scenes. A pair of red-birds feed at Nick's house during Daisy's and Gatsby's reunion, after Nick has cunningly put out food on his birdfeeder as he prepares tea and cakes for his guest. Later the happy

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couple lie on a grassy bank while a pair of Walt Disney swans paddle back and forth. Then, one Saturday night when the lights fail to go on at Gatsby's house because the parties are permanently over, a dead seagull washes up at the foot of Gatsby's lawn. (Migod, I thought, it must be a symbol.) We next see a single blackbird with yellow-tipped wings (Gatsby's incomplete gilding of his past?) and then, just before Gatsby's death scene, a bluejay (Jay Gatsby, right?) pecks around on the ground by himself. When Gatsby has been killed, of course, the jay flies off.

Still, the film does a good job of rendering a literal version of the story. Fans of the novel will regard it as a thin and partial abstract, but that is the inescapable difference between the mediums. They do different things well and the same things differently.

DRAMA

RICHARD FOREMAN: The Ontological-Hysteric Theatre. Art Now '74 at the Kennedy Center
Reviewed by Clarissa K. Wittenberg

"AVANT-GARDE theatre cannot wait for its audience," states Richard Foreman and he didn't. The audience was scarcely prepared for the play, the timeless pauses, the buzzers, the music, the shouts of "cue," the interesting props and unusual faces. The complete lack of affectation combined with the strangest of poses intrigued many, but when one viewer asked later, "Is it symbolic?" Richard Foreman, wearing a t-shirt with the name "Joe Allen" on it, asked "Was last Thursday symbolic?"

"Vertical Mobility" — Sophia = Wisdom, Part 4, was presented two nights at the art festival. Since his loft theatre in Soho was created to hold and supplement the shape of his plays, I wondered how the play would travel. While the audience turned out to be quite attentive, there a few people who giggled inappropriately, perhaps out of anxiety. The actors did not falter and worked as intensely as they do when playing against an equally serious audience. They brought their sets and props, both looked startling and strange against the white marble, giving a very different impression than emerging out of the gloom in the loft. The improvised lighting was far less sensitive; the usual clang and clatter of bare floors was lost in the carpeting. The tape recorded sound bounced badly off the marble. Some hanging props were dispensed with, but the look was authentic. Robert Wilson made the huge space of the hallway his own: Richard Foreman fought it to re-create his own unique theatre.

It was a good introduction to Foreman's work, despite many drawbacks. The play has many interesting characters; Sophia, the goddess of Wisdom, her nose in a book, (suspected of not really being a goddess at all, but merely shy); Rhoda, an enigmatic life force; Max, "the writer who has run out of things to say" and many others. No plot as such is easily discernable, which is not to say, as one critic did, that it doesn't matter if you come late and miss most of it. There is a flow of information, of plot being handed on to plot, of sequences which mysteriously build and demand attention. In one of Richard Foreman's plays a sign appears, "Think harder." This is necessary. What he offers is not a plot, but ideas. Not solutions, but problems. His work is about life, about roles, mental images, each person's ability to integrate what he sees and make it his own. The oblique references stir creative thinking, his work is tough and chewy. He struggles with important issues and then mocks the very idea.

A recurrent motif in "Vertical Mobility" is a voice that says "The important word is..." and as you jerk to attention to absorb it the answer comes and is irrelevant. No one else can tell you the important word and

Foreman makes this clear. Life's clichés are examined. If Max, the writer in the play, lays down, is he dead? If he gets up, but cannot function, is he alive? Robert Morris, a friend of Foreman's has designed an art project, a plan for his own funeral: A moving conveyor belt to keep his coffin in motion (if something moves can it be dead?). In one scene in this play, the characters loss in boats, the character of which is uncertain. They may be gondolas, canoes, or boats to cross the River Styx. They dabble their hands in the water, real water in little bowls. Then the boats are taken away, the bowls left and they continue to sit and dabble. The removal of the one element cracks the image and makes it humorous and thought provoking.

Richard Foreman writes, stage manages and is present through all performances working the tapes, lights, etc. He is like a mother with a baby. This theatre is "his trip." Process is important to him; he once commented that he would really like people to come to rehearsals and then abandon the play when it was "ready" to perform. Watching a rehearsal you see the bones of the construction: beats are counted to allow a line to be spoken in a syncopated fashion; the long poses are timed; the interruptions carefully designed; each intense gaze planned; each tableau composed with the utmost care.

One knowledgeable observer felt disappointed and said it was merely "pastiche" and that it has "been done." Although Foreman uses bits and pieces of what he calls "conventional theatre" he goes far beyond this and makes a strong personal statement. His plays are rich, and seeing "Vertical Mobility" for the second time was a rewarding experience. I am fascinated by the beauty of his group, by their use of their bodies, by the strong assertion of an individual point of view and the refusal to make it easy. His observations are acute. Those who know Richard Foreman well have said it is unnerving to him study you as later you see bits of yourself in a play. He is undoubtedly one of the most interesting creative writers working today.

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WEEK AT A GLIMPSE

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	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI
MIDNIGHT TO 5:30	NIGHTWATCH				
5:30 TO 7:00	JAZZ ANTHOLOGY — TO 6:30 READING ALOUD — TO 7:00				
7:00 TO 9:00	MORNINGLINE				
9:00 TO 10:30	HOME				
10:30 TO 11:30	VARIOUS PROGRAMS — CHECK LISTINGS				
11:30 TO 12:30	LANGUAGE PROGRAMS & PRESS REVIEWS READING ALOUD				
12:30 TO 1:30	TIMEPIECE				
1:30 TO 4:30	MEASURE BY MEASURE				
4:30 TO 5:00	BOOKMARK				
5:00 TO 6:00	'OL HOWARD'S ROCK 'N' ROLL JUKEBOX				
6:00 TO 7:00					
7:00 TO 8:00	OPTIONS	FUTURE OF SCI. MAGAZ.	OPTIONS	MY WORD! Round the Home	OPTIONS
8:00 TO 9:00	ALL THINGS CONSIDERED . . .				
9:30	ECOLOGY	IN PRAISE OF MUSIC	ECOLOGY	DIAL LOG	X MINUS ONE
10:00 TO 11:00			OVERSEAS MISSEALED BEAM		THE JERRY GRAY SHOW
11:00 TO MIDNIGHT	JAZZ ANTHOLOGY				

SAT	SUN	
NIGHTWATCH		MIDNIGHT TO 6:00
JAZZ ANTHOLOGY		6:00 TO 7:00
JOHN DILDINE FOLK MUSIC	DUTCH CONCERT	7:00 TO 8:00
BLUEGRASS WITH GARY HENDERSON	ECOLOGY	8:00 TO 9:00
	SUNDAY BLUEGRASS WITH GARY HENDERSON	9:00 TO 10:00
	IN PRAISE	10:00 TO 11:00
	OF MUSIC MUSIC FROM GERMANY	11:00 TO 12:00
SOUND STAGE	AUD. ORGAN THIRTY MINS.	12:00 TO 1:00
SPIRITS KNOWN & UNKNOWN	THE NEWTHING ROOT MUSIC SHOW	1:00 TO 2:00
MBARI-MBAYO		2:30 TO 4:00
COLLECTORS CORNER	C. S. D. I.	4:00 TO 5:00
QUARTET	CONV. @ CHI. TIME & SPACE	5:00 TO 6:00
JAZZ REVISIT.	RECOLLECTIONS	6:00 TO 7:00
THE TIME MACHINE	SINGER'S WLD	7:00 TO 8:00
EXPERIENCE	THE OPERA HOUSE	8:00 TO 9:00
SOUND, COLOR, MOVEMENT		9:00 TO 10:00
		10:00 TO MIDNIGHT

ART

ROCKNE KREBS: "Irish Lights" a space age laser sculpture. Art Now '74
Reviewed by Clarissa K. Wittenberg

THERE was a good deal of controversy about Art Now '74, but one work of art "Irish Lights" was universally acclaimed as beautiful. Emerald colored lights streaked across the Potomac, cutting the night sky with their vivid beams. It was a thrilling work, interesting from many angles and a dramatic end to the story that all good art comes out of New York City. Rockne Krebs, its architect, lives and works here in DC, but like the prophet without honor in his home town, has rarely shown his work here.

"Irish Lights", named for President Kennedy, uses two beams, one whole and the other split, giving the impression of one broad beam and two thing ones. The lasers were 500 m.w. Argon Ion coherent lasers from Coherent Radiation Company in Palo Alto. This work, installed on a temporary basis, was manned, although it is possible to create an unmanned permanent installation. A laser work has upkeep problems; the laser plasma tubes wear out like light bulbs and need replacement. Krebs is planning another light sculpture for Atlanta using sun beams and lasers and he estimates that the maintenance for 20 years time will be \$100,000. Rockne Krebs has created works for Phillip Stern and the Corcoran, as well as a large work in Philadelphia. He is currently planning a laser sculpture for the Harvard Yard in Boston.

This sculpture with its steady beams captured everyone's imagination. Children love it; the ones I took to see it screamed in excitement at their first glimpse. Artists are interested in its use of an industrial material, in its sensual beauty, its pure visual information. It is even more lovely in mist and rain and would be beautiful in

snow. Tourists and Washingtonians alike were thrilled. "Irish Lights," was one of the most delightful high spots of this festival. It showed us dramatically our bonds to our surrounding cities, our beautiful river, even our air pollution as it danced in the vivid green spots on the Kennedy Center marble. It is a safe work and will not burn holes in walls or hurt the eyes unless, of course, you are struck directly with it. This extraordinary work was more than a sculpture, it was a celebration and a joy to see.

THE CORCORAN

By Clarissa K. Wittenberg

THE Corcoran has announced a bold new policy of acquiring works of unknown and struggling artists. They hope to find the creative geniuses of our time and build a collection for the future. This is a forward looking, creative and financially shrewd move. It will benefit the not yet established artists and is immensely preferable to a plan for spending millions on one prestigious work, a Jackson Pollock, for instance. To build their collection, gifts will also be encouraged, so if you have been planning to donate a Pollock painting, don't become discouraged. This a financial crisis is being seized as an opportunity and Washington stands to gain.

The Corcoran is our home town museum and this image will be intensified as local artists receive more attention. A beautiful museum with lovely spaces, nice light and a handsome degree of aging, it is blessed [or cursed depending upon your viewpoint] with important collections of 18th, 19th and 20th century American painting.

It lacks government support and has been running deeply in the red; \$375,000 two years ago and \$200,000 this year. Membership has dropped to 2,000 (the Baltimore Museum of Art has 5,200). There is no money for modernization or air conditioning (two million needed). But since it is a private institution it potentially allows for tremendous artistic freedom. A history of showing



new art when no one else did has won the Corcoran a special spot in the art world.

David Lloyd Kreeger, the new President of the Board and Roy Slade, the director, are confident that the recently expanded board and the new programs will turn the tide. They announced new facilities for the study of prints, a new orientation gallery, and extended use of the gallery for musical events on a monthly basis. They will protect their collection and not sell off works to raise money. They plan to hire a new curator and a development officer and will conduct a major membership drive. They hope to double their membership this year.

The Washington area exhibition will be reinstituted, juried by James Pilgrim, now with the Metropolitan Museum. As the 19th such exhibition, it will focus on artists who have not shown recently at the Corcoran. Since the last area show was in 1967, most of the artists in town must be eligible for the October show. They will also hold the 34th Corcoran Biennial in February. It will be an invitational show with works selected by Roy Slade. Major living American artists will be invited.

The board hopes, I think unrealistically, that tourists will pour in to see their American collection during the Bicentennial. Perhaps a film could be developed to make it more understandable, to link it to our entire art heritage or our current artistic moods, but on its own it will remain a resource more for scholars than for the general public.

The Corcoran, despite its financial problems has had a banner year: the Washington Figurative Artists, the Man Ray photographs, the

VAL LEWTON

WHILE controversy raged over Art Now '74, the District of Columbia suffered through another annual outdoor art fair in the President's Park between the District Building and the Ellipse. As in most events of this kind, polyethylene hangs at the ready, poised at the first sign of rain to protect the precious canvases hung randomly on the chain fences. These exhibitions are a service to neither the artist nor the community and yet they are ubiquitous. In good weather they invade the park greenery with pastel nudes on black velvet and stone waves breaking on jello beaches. Aside from the invidious comparison with nature the whole exercise is futile.

Now, under the umbrella of the Bicentennial, and its various commissions, the purveyors of culture are threatening a rash of new outdoor art fairs. And while the city and its serious artists beg for decent exhibition space, money and effort are wasted on such dubious enterprises as the recent extravaganza at St. Luke's Methodist Church entitled "The American Art and Craft Festival." Artists were invited at two dollars per entry to show their wares in clear polyethylene tents. "It looks tacky," states artist-victim Mariana Gasteyer. Ms. Gasteyer was assured by fair director Chester Sturm that this was a legitimate exhibition, controlled for quality, and sponsored not only by the church but by the American Revolutionary Bicentennial Commission and the DC Bicentennial Commission.

Ms. Gasteyer is an intermediate level Washington artist of an important kind. She studied art in college practiced pretty much on her own as she married and started to raise a family, and when her children were old enough started back studying water color the Corcoran with Brockie Stevenson. Under Stevenson's tutelage her work improved. She recently exhibited with the Water Color Society at the Art Barn. Though that exhibition was of indifferent quality, Ms. Gasteyer's work was almost singularly attractive in that company.

er's work was almost singularly attractive in that company.

In spite of this measure of promise, she was not treated kindly by St. Luke's Methodist Church. After Mr. Sturms assurances she decided to enter five watercolors, a ten dollar investment (if you look at things that way). Two of the watercolors were landscapes; the other three were studies of nudes similar to those she had exhibited at the Art Barn. Although appropriately sensual in handling for the subject matter, they were not obscene. She sent in her money and the application listing the titles (NUDE) and the price of each work. Later on she was called by ladies from the church to make sure they had the prices and titles correct for the festival program. However, upon arriving at the church with her work, Pastor David G. Stone apologetically insisted that she remove the nudes from the exhibition. As he stated, "The church and the people of the church will be here long after your paintings are gone." He insisted that the nudes would outrage the sensibilities of his more conservative parishioner. He added "Chester (Chester Sturm the Festival Director) would be furious if he knew I removed them, but I must."

These incidents are not isolated, they go on from year to year. Most people bear them indignantly in silence. Others are ignorant or proper conditions for displaying art work. And others are simply desperate for any kind of recognition under any kind of condition.

The District government, the Park Service, the commissions and other self-appointed saviors of culture and art should step back and ask themselves some serious questions. Are most outdoor art fairs an addition to the cultural life of the city or are they a bad way to exhibit art? And if they decide that these fairs are necessary, where can they best be accommodated? Outdoor art

fairs are fine if they lean toward drama, dance or experimental constructions; however exhibitions of two dimensional works should be abandoned until suitable interior space is available.

One Washington artist, Cynthia Bickley, has come up with a suggestion which might be the answer to the art fair syndrome. More and more, she finds, the colleges and the universities of the area have assumed the task of providing instruction to the ever-increasing numbers interested in paintings, sculpture, and crafts of all kinds. For that reason the metropolitan area needs a center, supported by a consortium of the universities and colleges, which would provide better service, i.e. equipment, display space to their students. No one institution, she feels, can support a foundry or plastics workshop, but together at one central metropolitan site they could come together to provide unique services for advanced instruction in the visual arts.

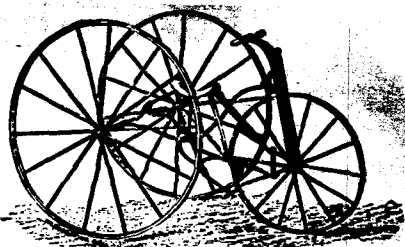
If, for instance, Lansburgs downtown was acquired by a foundation or a consortium such as Bickley's Contemporary Art Muse (CAM), that building alone could provide multi-services to artists and art students: loft space, instruction space, living space, day care centers, access to and by the adjoining museums (NCFA and NPG), and even gallery space divided into regional, local, experimental and traditional levels. No longer would local exhibitions have to be a pot pourri of styles, levels of accomplishment or clashing media trying to shout each other down. Local artists need a focal point and such use of a downtown building could become a national model. Art works need a rational framework since they are in themselves a distillation of the confusing variety of everyday experience. What Ms. Bickley and others want is an end to the free for all, and a new era of local cooperation in the visual arts.

Arts of the Americas, the shows of Brian O' Doherty, Elliott Thompson, Carroll Sockwell, Anne Truitt and others have been of high quality and broad interest. Yuri Schweblin's show was disappointing physically, but exciting conceptually. The Hans Namuth show, however, is a disaster, using poor quality commercial reproductions instead of photographs. A few groups of the original studies of his portraits of artists show us what this exhibition might have been. The Corcoran student show was good, exhibiting that the overall vitality of the school is high. Furthermore, the school is self sustaining and continues to improve its accreditation. The Corcoran's Dupont Center will continue as a studio and exhibition space for advanced students.

So the good grey Corcoran continues as our home town museum - and don't let any one convince you that it could be replaced by commercial galleries. Galleries after all have to sell to survive, and a good museum should be free of this need. It should also be financially solid so that it can remain artistically independent. This year it came embarrassingly close to looking so desperate that rumors began that shows could be bought. Roy Slade firmly denies this and stated that when galleries ran concurrent shows they were merely coincidental; and the Corcoran had made previous curatorial decisions to stage the exhibitions. No shows were bought states Slade.

For the sake of the many artists who exhibit at the Corcoran we must support it so

that it can keep its reputation beyond reproach. We do not need a storehouse, we need a living, moving artistic force. Memberships begin at \$5.00 for special categories, including older persons, students and art teachers. Singles are \$15.00 and family memberships, \$25.00. Along with your money send a note to David Kreeger and Roy Slade, and tell them your ideas, comments and criticisms and make suggestions for new acquisitions. If you'd care to share it send me a copy. Let's get something lively going on here.



Washington's era of bicycles-II

KATHY SMITH

From the beginning, the bicycle was no poor man's toy. The first bicycle built in this country by Albert Pope for commercial sale cost \$313, the equivalent of \$2400 in today's dollars.

In 1883, the membership of the Capital Bicycle Club was made up entirely of professional people and government clerks: 12 draftsmen, 11 government clerks, eight in the mercantile business, seven lawyers and patent attorneys, four patent examiners, and three each engineers, teachers, and printers, along with a few newspapermen, architects, bankers, etc.

Among prominent riders of the day were Charles D. Walcott, later secretary of the Smithsonian, George Truesdell, later a city commissioner, Rudolph Kauffmann of the Star, and A.A. Adey, later assistant secretary of state and the first president of the Potomac Tricycle Club in 1884.

Women were also riding, to the great disapproval of some. By 1892 there were enough women riders to cause a local physician to decry in the Star the "alluring and degrading influences of the wheel" on "pure, noble, modest women" and to call for the formation of anti-female bicycle league. At the same time women were writing of the bicycle's salutary effect on headaches and "that tired feeling" and advocating the use of bicycles for shopping.

One hundred women on bikes led the 1892 League of American Wheelmen parade in Washington, and a local woman, Mrs. William F. Smith, was a star attraction. The wife of a local bike dealer, she claimed to be the first woman in the U.S. to ride. The pioneer badges with her likeness over strips of green silk which she distributed were in much demand, many sacrificing half a dozen other club badges in trade for one of them.

Blacks were also riding bikes, and had several bicycle clubs whose members competed against each other at the Park Cycle Track.

By the 1890's, a bicycle could be purchased for a low \$35, though most were over \$50 and a superior brand still cost \$100 and up. That was a considerable amount in 1897 when a Washingtonian could buy a gas stove for \$7, an oak bedroom suite for \$12.50, a blue serge suit for \$10, rent two large rooms in a good location for \$12.50 a month, and become the owner of a new brick three-story house for \$2,650.

Nevertheless, more and more people of moderate means seemed to be making the necessary budget adjustments to get themselves on a bicycle, which was not only a status symbol but the only means of individual transportation for many people. By 1896, when bicycle shops in Washington jumped from 28 to 86, nationwide sales of jewelry, pianos, and books had fallen off dramatically. A Star letterwriter in 1897 said he was speaking for 50,000 cyclists -- and this in a city with a population of only about 270,000.

By 1898 there were 102 bicycle shops in Washington, and a division head in the Treasury Department noted that there were 400 Treasury Department workers riding daily to work, for whom the department was building a bicycle stable. He wrote in a Star article that though he had begun his career in Washington believing that men on wheels were a "lazy set," he now effused that these

LAST MONTH AT ST. MARK'S

DAVID WHAM

I HAD seen that movie by Robbe-Grillet, *Last Year at Marienbad*, some ten years before, when I first left Winnetka to become a liberal and a graduate student, and I remembered marveling at those icy people and the gothic abstruseness of it all. I had admired the experience as conscious art, but I had never expected to see its equivalent on this earth. That was before I went to the Maundy Thursday foot washing at St. Mark's Church on Capitol Hill.

Of course I did not go alone. I went with Deborah, my roommate and fiancée, and we were trying to get over a very bad time indeed. By night we ate alone, she in the bedroom, I in the living room, in a sort of pre-ordained silence; and by day we went our separate, silent ways - she, I could sense, always to wind up on a stone bench in one of Washington's parks, to cry. And there was nothing I could do for her. It seemed we were lost to each other.

And then the call came, for redemption, in a booming, welcome voice that asked if we didn't want to attend a foot washing and a party on Maundy Thursday. Even as I accepted, in my mind's eye I saw a scene of wildly beautiful people, their arms and hands outstretched, more knowing and forgiving than Deborah and I could ever be toward each other.

But it was not to be that way at all. What I saw, when we got there, reminded me instead of a Debutante party which I had once glimpsed from a hill in Winnetka during the bad old reactionary days when I was still going to such things. Down there, from the hill, that debutants party might have been drafted by some lunatic for *The Inferno*. Overflowing the tennis courts, wheels of people moved round and round in garish profusion. Fleshly and carnal in their dress, they made wheels within wheels, wide circulating motions that rollicked and waved and clashed in different confusions.

So now, inside this church, the St. Mark's crowd waved and rollicked, drinks in their hands, smiles on their faces; and the altar behind them was a shadow hardly visible. Redemption? Forgiveness? No, none of that, but rather here and there couples who sought each other out, faces upraised to the piped-in music, then revolving as if by reverse momentum, slower and slower, sinking backward into the old suggestiveness of one last tune. From the edge of things, Deborah and I looked at these couples so caught in the old postures of Winnetka now, at their hard excited faces like blotches in the twilight of this liberal church. In a moment we found ourselves to be standing at the center of noise. Turning, we came to a bar.

"The Peace of Christ be with you!" the bartender yelled, handing us both glasses of wine.

It all reminded me of some radical-chic version of the miracle at Cana, when Jesus changed the water into wine. Through the crowd, girls with bottles of champagne wrapped in white towels, their necks comely and their

necklines low and plunging, went swooping and curtsying, murmuring "This is our blood, drink this in remembrance of us" as they sloshed out the stuff into your glass. Altogether, all-round, they had those exquisite characteristics of femininity that caused the prophet Isaiah to utter the words: "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts." As yet, however, there was apparently not a bald or a barren one among them; and beyond them, from where I assumed the wine was being converted in the miraculous setting of this church, were large iron tubs of water with six or seven people sitting around each, their shoes off, their feet immersed, and a divinity student in their midst, reciting prayers. I led Deborah over to one of the tubs, wanting to be admitted to this miracle of conversion and forgiveness and redemption; and Deborah unzipped one of her boots.

"But we're all here together!" a fat guy yelled from his chair. "Sunday mornings we always sit in the third row on the left. Find your own group!"

"Yeah," cried a breastless lady with a ferocious, triangular face, whose eyes swam as furtively as guppies in her fishbowl glasses, "go get up your own gang for a blessing!"

"The free will and the wish of my co-celebrants is my sole command," droned the divinity student through his beard, his voice like a clogged vacuum cleaner.

It was Winnetka all over again, only on a domestic-wine budget. I wanted to leave; saw Deborah already dangerously silent and closed into herself, the way she got whenever she felt pressure and boredom at the same time, the curled, autumn leaf of her hair almost covering the side of her face. I started to lead her back out the door by which we had come in, but somebody else remembered me; a hand tugged at my elbow.

A girl I had worked with, on Capitol Hill once upon a time; her dark hair drawn back and her owl-eyed glasses off for the party, the fashionable four-letter words marching out of her mouth, one by one, like indulgences for some higher social calling.

"Are you here all alone?" the girl asked, leaning terribly close for some odd reason, as though to sniff my breath, as though to check up on the extent of my winebibber's conversion.

"No. I came with my fiancée." And, raking air with my fingers, reaching out behind me, I sought Deborah's hand where it should have been; but she was no longer there. Whirling about, I saw her nowhere. I saw only, in the doorway, the shunned and up until now very secret mess of her sanitary napping that Deborah had dropped - her blood to be remembered by - like a damnation on us all in her haste to be gone.

400 were the best clerks in the department, arriving fresher and in better humor than those who rode the streetcar, and being "rustlers" in work as well as on their wheels.

There were those who gave a less responsible impression, coasting down smooth asphalt hills with legs thrown over the handle bars and arms crossed across the chest, scaring elderly pedestrians who would write complaining letters to the papers. John Clagget Proctor himself, the chronicler of bicycling for many years in the Star, admits to racing a trolley car on the Chevy Chase line somewhere beyond the zoo, having to pull his feminine companion to victory after she lost her pedals on the down-hill run. Young men, commonly known as scorchers, humped over their low handle-bars racing style and burned up the pavement.

The first traffic regulations in Washington were occasioned by the bicycle. Before the bike's appearance, Webb's Digest of city ordinances carried no mention of which side of the road vehicles were to be driven on, no provisions for lights or bells, no mention of speed. While the League of American Wheelmen was responsible for promoting sensible traffic regulations, by the 1890's some cyclists felt the regulations were being enforced to such a degree by what were seen as "pro-horse" forces that it amounted to no less than class discrimination.

Washington was the first large American city to mount police on bicycles to handle cycling offenses. A police detail on bikes led the League of American Wheelmen parade here in 1892. The police considered themselves speed demons, often participating, with much precinct rivalry, in local bicycle races.

A letter to the Star in 1897 makes it clear that many cyclists felt they were being discriminated against, being under "the surveillance of police in citizen's dress, who were in no wise slow to make arrests on very meager pretexts, while drivers of other vehicles, as well as street cars, are seldom, if ever apprehended even when openly violating the regulations."

This outburst was occasioned by the passage of new traffic regulations in 1897. Although for the first time all vehicles were required to have the lights and bells which bicycles alone had been required to have from the beginning, the regulations were considered by many onem more slap at the cyclists. They required that bicycle handlebars be no lower than 4 inches below the seat. The uproar that followed, though unsuccessful in gaining repeal, was caused not only by the scorchers to whom it was aimed but responsible cyclists and even the police bicycle corps who were drawn to the common cause.

Bicycles led the way for the automobile not only in the area of traffic regulations, but also in lobbying for good roads. The League of American Wheelmen, supported heavily by leading bicycle manufacturers like Albert Pope, led an active campaign for road improvements.

One argument of Pope's was worth of a modern-day truck lobbyist. The major voting block to be convinced was the farm vote. It would cost less in fodder, he reasoned, if horses didn't have to work so hard pulling wagons out of ditches. He figured farmers could save 700 million annually in feed with good roads which could be built everywhere in the nation for only 20 billion.

Whether or not he convinced the farmer, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology saw the future and created the first instructorship in highway construction in the nation in the 1880's. It was also the League of American Wheelmen that produced the first road maps, carefully indicating inclines and road quality.

The bicycle was the forerunner of the car in other, social, ways. It gave undreamed of mobility and freedom to people who, without the means for a horse and carriage, could for the first time get out into the countryside. It loosened the strictures of the chaperone for young men and women now suddenly riding out to picnic together on a Sunday afternoon. In addition, in Washington and other big cities, the bicycle was the *raison d'être* for the bicycle club.

The clubs were more than mechanisms for organizing bike rallies; they were in many cases almost like fraternities with club houses, mottos, colors, symbols, and varying levels of social prestige.

The first and most formidable was the Capital Bicycle Club organized in 1879 on the steps of the Capitol with the motto "Swiftly and Silently."



Herbert S. Owen was famous for his annual "birthday run" shown here. Each year on his birthday in the early 1880's he led his fellow members of the Capital Bicycle Club over the most challenging route he could find through the rough roads and alleys of the city. Many started but few finished. (Photo courtesy of Washingtoniana Division, Martin Luther King Library)

By 1883 its clubrooms in the LeDroit building were complete with a pool table, portraits of the founders, and their mascot, the Klub Kat, supposedly once the battle standard of a great Japanese feudal clan. Bugles, member's photos, and billard cues covered the walls.

An article in the 1883 Wheelman, a national wheeling magazine, describes the Capital Club as "a little world of itself" where members could share "the pleasant interchange of thoughts and opinions which always characterize fraternal association. Most every night members would gather in the clubhouse to play dominoes, pool or whist while "cleaning bee's" went on in the machine room.

From here every Wednesday and Saturday small groups would leave on tours of exploration or "practice runs" often in the ditches, gullies and commons of East Washington. Member Bert Owen, considered the finest bicycle drill master in the city, was famous for his annual "birthday run" in the early 1880's in which he led fellow members over the most challenging routes he could find in the city.

The club was at the height of its prestige when, in 1886, it incorporated and built its own clubhouse at 409 15th Street, now part of the site of the Commerce building, with its impressive arched entrance carefully designed to accommodate two three-wheelers abreast.

As one of the centers of exclusive social activity in the city, the club found its invitations to dinners, dances and theatre



parties were highly prized, even by the great of the nation's capital. The club uniform was carefully proscribed in the club bylaws: dark blue coats and knee britches with a specific number of plain nickel buttons in specified places, and a cap with the plain silver letters "Capital" which was to be covered in white duck in the summertime.

But the Capital Bicycle Club was only one of many inspiring the same kind of fraternal loyalty. Lists of as many as 10 weekend runs organized by as many clubs were common in the weekend newspapers, one such column headed "Razzle, Dazzle, Sis Boom Ah; Century, Century, Rah! Rah! Rah!" The Century Club, the Columbia Athletic Club, the Washington Road Club, the Arlington Wheelmen, the National Wheelmen, the Capitol Hill Wheelmen, even the Queer Wheelmen and other had their colors, trick riders and fast racers.

As an indication of the kind of loyalty these clubs inspired, the old timers were getting together for anniversary parties decades after the days of glory had passed. The Capital Bicycle Club, which disbanded in 1911 when the Commerce building claimed its clubhouse site, could still muster 60 members in 1929 to a 50th anniversary party, complete with long, reminiscent poems.

In 1936 the Arlington Wheelmen, once known for their many racing titleholders, was one of the few bicycle clubs in the country still in existence and celebrated its 48th anniversary in 1936 with a full complement of 100 members. As late as 1953 the Chain and Sprocket Club held its 58th annual meeting with 13 remaining members, having never missed a monthly meeting except once during the World War I influenza epidemic.

VEGETABLE

the sign read
in front of a stand
off the road to Williamsburg
the way down from Washington
and in spite of the one hundred
or more years
between deTocqueville and us
the message
speaks from the same people
who (if they learn how to spell
such a big word for their work)
still can not figure quite
how to get it
all on.

FAN S. OGILVIE

Classical Sounds

REVIEWED BY EDWARD L. MERRITT JR.

LAST month's article dealt with an overview of Vox Productions. Unfortunately the news of their coming association with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra came too late for mention. After making a recording for DESTO, a small company involved with the music of native American composers, the Baltimore Symphony has now signed a contract with VOX to do all the orchestral music of Mendelssohn. At the moment it is not clear whether or not this will include the delightful early string symphonies, but hopefully it will, since these charmers presently exist only in one very expensive import release. Possibly, after the Mendelssohn recordings are done Baltimore will move on to other even more un-recorded names.

Baltimore's first recording venture was with DESTO—a prime example of the small company deeply involved with native American musical composers with a predilection for contemporary American music. They pay a small, but gratifying amount of attention to the past generations, with such names as John Alden Carpenter, Frederick Converse, Edward MacDowell, John Powell, Daniel Gregory Mason, Horatio Parker, Victor Herbert, Deems Taylor, Charles Griffes, Charles Ives, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, et. al. Then there are the more current working composers, plus a very small but meaningful list of the greats: Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Vaughn-Williams, Milhaud—all represented by items which tend to be forgotten by others. Finally, there is a strong representation of the very avant garde names. One of DESTO's biggest pluses is that they take the trouble to go back in the files of other companies, make the necessary arrangements and restore to active life some items which simply should not be allowed to die.

The two small companies which are most famous in the field of the native composer and promising, but little known composers from other parts of the world are The Louisville Symphony Orchestra, with their long recording project now having passed from its first generation under the musical direction of Robert Whitney into the second generation and Jorge Meister and CRI (Composer's Recordings, Inc.) The latter came about some years ago as a direct response to the total frustration of some practicing composers to the almost total lack of attention paid their efforts

by the giants of the recording industry. The CRI catalogue is liberally sprinkled with a large number of items one never hears on the air, but it does now exist on discs and for that both composer and listener must be gratified.

Another small company (and a fairly new one) is Poseidon Records which deals exclusively, up to the point, with the music of Alan Hovhannes. Although Hovhannes has had reasonable representation on the lists of big companies, it has been a rather spotty piece of business. These releases bear the unmistakable mark of authority with the composer appearing as conductor, usually with England's notable Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and as pianist, both with orchestra and as accompanist for the traversal of several collections of songs. Their current list passes along the information that the corpus of Hovhannes runs at least to twenty-one symphonies, plus a very wide variety of other forms and the emergence of Poseidon suggests that at least one American composer is going to get a full scale exposition of his talents even though no record company presents any cross-section of the music of Howard Hanson—the essentially germinal composer, teacher, former head of the Eastman School of Music, and conductor from Wahoo, Nebraska.

For the serious listener and collector there is a West Coast company which commands the attention of anyone interested in and curious about the less known names of other times. Orion Master Recordings has a fascinating list of releases offering a good look at known and unknown names. Doubly interesting is the fact that the unusual repertory represented on the Orion label comes about through the cooperation of Orion and the open-handed generosity of the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation.

Nor does all the activity in the recording industry necessarily involve people and places remote from the nation's capital. The Cambridge label presents John Fesperman, curator of the Smithsonian's Division of Musical Instruments, with colleague, James Weaver, splendid harpsichordist and pianist, with a solo organ release of enormous persuasion. Playing on the 1971 Fisk Organ in the West Church in Boston, Fesperman plays the Organ Mass for Parishes by Francois Couperin. The

organ and its registration lends itself to a perfect concord with the music of Couperin. Mr. Fesperman's playing is of a restraint which stems from the essential character of the music. It makes, however, one ache to hear this same combination approach some of the later, larger or more romantic French organ composers and works. Perhaps the solists devotion to this characteristically Baroque style is such that the Widor's Dupre's and such would not work to best advantage. But, this delightful Couperin first leads one to think and thought makes one wish. After all, the organ literature on discs is small, spotty and hopefully about to be expanded.

Since this month's look at the world of concert discs has dealt primarily with little companies, it might be in order to suggest serious listeners that they avail themselves of the various catalogues and hunt to their hearts content. Here are the addresses: Cambridge Records, 125 Irving Street, Framingham Mass. 01701; DESTO Records, 1860 Broadway, NY, NY 10023; Composer's Recordings, Inc. 170 W. 74th, NY, NY 10023; Orion Records, 3802 Castle-rock Road, Malibu, Calif. 90265; Poseidon Records, 888 7th Ave, Suite 400, NY, NY 10019; and Voc Productions, Inc. 211 East 43rd Street, NY, NY.

In spite of the fact I have devoted my column to companies in specialist record business, there is one word to those who love the piano and all its works. We are currently finding a new interest in that famous old parlour favorite, the piano transcription. There is a new and merely stupendous release on RCA Red Seal. The Cuban born, American Jorge Bolet gave a Carnegie Hall concert last February 25th. The program was principally one of famous transcriptions by the likes of Busoni, Tausig, Schulz-Evler, Liszt and so forth, plus the addition of the Opus 28 Preludes of Chopin. Now RCA has released the concert, excepting only two of the four encore pieces. Bolet gives something called an amazing, breath-taking performance from start to finish. If you like to be thrilled by the sound of music do not miss Bolet At Carnegie Hall. You'll keep it around for years beside the Gieseking, Horowitz and Benedetti treasures.

n.b.

GALLAUDET College will be offering two-week intensive workshop courses for interpreters, teachers of the deaf, teachers or prospective teachers of manual communication, and students

Classifieds

ALL OF US, a parent-cooperative nursery on Capitol Hill for two and three year-olds is interested in applications from interested parents. If interested call 547-2737.

LIGHT MOVING: I have a pick-up truck with top and will help you move. Call me, Sandy, anytime at 547-3754.

TEACHER: Four year-old alternative high school seeking experienced teachers for 1974-1975. Must work with other staff in developing curriculum integrated around social and political realities of DC. High commitment necessary. Write the Forum School, 2713 Ontario Road NW, DC 20009. Include experience, competency, weaknesses, skills, educational philosophy.

EXPLORE THE CREATIVE POSSIBILITIES OF FIBER COSTUME. Craftsperson giving exciting course this August. Visit museums and boutiques. Learn fitting, draping, pattern design, ethnic costume, off-loom techniques. 291-9324.

with advanced standing beginning July 8.

Each workshop is a two non-degree credit course and will cost \$50.00 plus a \$10.00 lab fee which includes books. Info: 447-0835.

THE New Friends Coffeehouse is now open at Quaker House, 2121 Decatur Place, NW (just off of Florida Avenue). The coffeehouse offers homemade soups, sandwiches and baked goods. Special deserts offered after 7 pm. Foreign and domestic newspapers are available daily as well as a variety of other pub-

washington review

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Washington Review, 109 8th St. NE,
DC 20002. 543-5850.

lications. Tables in the back yard allow you to eat outdoors when the weather's good. Local artists are invited to display their works.

The Coffeehouse is open Wednesday and Thursday from noon 'til 11 p.m., Friday and Saturday from noon 'til midnight, and Sunday from noon 'till 5:30 p.m.

WANG Ming — Paintings in book form. A series of accordion pleated albums. Each expressing the artist's "philosophy of oneness, his belief that there is no time in infinity and no space in the void." Born near Peking, in the U.S. since 1951 he is trying to "add a little to the bridge between the East and the West." July 25-Sept. 1. Corcoran.



IT is a fact that little if any of the considerable funds raised by the various arts festivals in Washington are of any financial benefit to the artists who are invited to participate.

I would like to know where the funds are spent and why, with most presentations and participation free, an admission is often charged.

I would like to see budgets for these festivals made public before solicitations are begun.

LOU STOVALL

Marty Swaim leaves the school system

MARTHA SWAIM, who has been one of the most effective members of the DC School Board, is leaving that body to run for City Council in Ward Six. Here are some of her comments upon announcing her departure.

THE DC public schools could become one of the best systems in the country. We have authority unequalled by any city system and a level of financial support equaled by few. We have individual employees who are bright; dedicated and hard-working. We have individual schools and program unmatched for quality in the metropolitan area.

The Board itself has become a truly deliberative body during its five years of elected existence. We began as a body that frequently acted on weighty matters after a day's notice from the administration, without public notice or information, without hearings and with acrid debate. The board now acts only on 10 days notice, on matters specifically stated on written agendas.

The board has gradually rebuilt its own small staff into one providing excellent professional support, including a legal advisor. Finally, as I understand from city newspaper reporters, the detailed comprehensive budget and payroll information now available publically in D.C. Schools is not only unmatched by any D.C. agency, it is also unavailable in most suburban systems.

However, by law the board does not run the DC schools directly, but hires a superintendent to do so. I did not support the appointment of the current superintendent because I felt it foolhardy to name one with so little administrative experience. But the entire board, myself included, has worked cooperatively with the superintendent to secure what she needs. Board approval of 99% of the matters before us this entire year has been unanimous.

Unlike in 1970, we have had no speeches by board members or outside consultants attacking the superintendent. The board did not require the superintendent as a condition of her contract to enter in a memorandum of understanding outlining specific tasks to be accomplished. The board did not want to "tie the hands" or interfere with the professional judgment of the superintendent. The board has given the superintendent the authority to hire, transfer, and reorganize executive level staff. Most executive level staff posts were vacant when she took office, providing an unprecedented opportunity to make change. The board worked with the city government to secure an adequate budget for the coming year and adopted a policy for reprogramming that expanded the superintendent's power. The board has solidly supported the superintendent on union negotiations.

Furthermore, the superintendent has unusual powers because of the status of the District as a quasi-state. With board approval, the superintendent sets certification and licenses standards for personnel and sets graduation requirements. No operating superintendent in the United States has that power except in Hawaii. While we are dissatisfied with our maintenance service from the DC government, we do not have to work within antiquated restrictive state-set building requirements, as do Montgomery and Prince George's County. Authority to hire, evaluate and remove all teaching personnel rests with the superintendent.

It is now eight months since the superintendent formally took office. The record this school year has been zero and lays no foundation for building next year or the year after. Exciting rhetoric substitutes for action, hostility to the board and the staff substitutes for a program. The 120 Day Report (actually 160 days) has no specifics. PACTS is so vague as to absolve the administration of any responsibility. Decentralization is an apparently physical shuffle with all power still held right downtown.

No single major planning document for the next year is yet before the board. We lack a plan for Impact Aid, Title I, the Wright decree compliance, Vocational Education, the FY 1976 Budget and any budgets for 15 federal programs.

When you get right down to it, the exact same people who have served under the previous two superintendents are making amess out of hiring teachers and delivering supplies. Where line vacancies have occurred, with two exceptions they have been filled routinely by acting appointments of the next bureaucrat in line with no effort made to recruit people

on a permanent basis. At the same time, the positions of advisors to the superintendent have almost doubled.

The 120 Day Report does not even discuss, let alone propose solutions for the gut problems of recruitment, hiring, evaluation and firing.

In my view, the causes for the state of the public school are four:

- D.C. Schools have an organization in which the buck stops nowhere. Responsibility for each basic job in running a school is divided up at least three ways. No one is in charge.

- D.C. Schools have a history of poor management, personal favoritism and nepotism going back almost thirty years.

- We have the presence of an extraordinary number of incompetent employees, both teachers and administrators. They are people who do not like children or people in general, and who are often poorly educated themselves. These employees naturally got on the payroll through operation of the first two causes.

- Our educational assumptions are bad. Children learn differently, at different rates and ages. They learn from each other, they learn by working, dancing, playing as well as by reading. A place that provides no meaningful work is a desert for a child of any age.

Every other problem that you find in D.C. Schools is a symptom of these basic problems. The problems themselves feed on each other. To run good schools all four problems must be solved.

Take some examples. Four parties are responsible for repairing the clock and bell system; the custodian, the principal, the D.C. schools' Buildings and Grounds Office that receives the repair request and authorizes it, and the D.C. General Services that sends a man to fix it. This administration has made no plans to take over maintenance or locate responsibility in one person.

As a principal in my ward often puts it, if people downtown in the D.C. Schools were consciously plotting to sabotage this school system they could not do a better job than they do now.

Or take our poor math program, or our poor work in reading instruction — how did they develop? If you look at the two or three successful elementary school administrations you will find that they are all characterized by detachment from the elementary school administration, e.g. Benning Road, Kimball, John Eaton, Lenox, Nichols Avenue. As far as I can see, they do their own staff development, design their own team teaching. (The only school with heavy federal support is Nichols Avenue). They are the schools where staff decided to be in charge and to simply ignore downtown where possible.

Why is that? Because the elementary school office has operated for years on the first two principles stated. Each principal must clear every decision with his/her boss, decisions supported or not as part of a system of personal favoritism. Team teaching is out. Cross-age grouping is taboo. Principals with any history of dissent, civil rights participation, or the wrong family connections are run into the ground.

Occasionally, changes are made by fiat from the top. Then, if it works, the administration takes credit. If it doesn't work, the local principal takes the blame. For example, new math was in eight years ago. Every teacher was ordered to teach it, offered a short workshop if they wanted it. Result: no math program of any quality exists in D.C. elementary schools.

Of course, until the past year, no permanent teachers were rated. No permanent principals were rated. Rating might uncover incompetence, so it has been rigorously avoided. This administration retains the same personnel in the elementary office.

D.C. schools' history of poor management began after World War II. The Strayer Report pointed out the extraordinary in-grown staff, the absence of management skills and procedures, the total absence of any planning. That history predates desegregation, and in my view cannot be attributed to desegregation.

At the that time, the system's kindergarten and high school programs were more ad-

vanced than suburban areas' offerings. However, when the D.C. schools experience a doubling in size, roughly 1950 to 1965, the system began to show signs of collapse. Maintenance problems, supply ordering and delivery back-ups, personnel snafus of all kinds became commonplace and remain so.

In addition, during the years of desegregation white and black administrators in charge of elementary schools, and personnel chiefs found it easy to hire a great many black employees whose college education represented basically a high school diploma.

Within the system, black and white employees were promoted because they were "yes" men, quite literally colorless. This administration maintains the same staff in the personnel department, has no recruitment program, no evaluation program.

Unless we tackle these basic problems, all else is whistling in the wind. The first problem "no one in charge" can be solved by a decentralization that transfers all basic authority to the local school. Our principals should have at least the same authority as the principals in the private and parochial schools to which 3% of our schools' staff send their children, authority to hire and fire, to determine with staff the curriculum, to spend the total dollar amount allotted to the school. The superintendent would have to recommend and the board would have to set standards for curriculum, for staff evaluation and rating. The superintendent would have to inspect schools regularly to check up on whether these standards were being met. Independent audit would be good. However, the administration's decentralization plan transfers no authority to the local schools.

To solve the two problems of poor management and personnel favoritism and of incompetent employees requires a simultaneous attack on a number of fronts. The clear location of responsibility by decentralization will stop buck passing and make it clear just who is incompetent. That is a start.

Known incompetents in the administration must be relieved of line responsibility. Evaluation is the basis on which the back-log of incompetence can be weeded out.

With the exception of employee relations, our personnel office barely qualifies for the name. It demands reform.

Certain cornerstones of this incompetent and personal system of administration must be removed. Obviously, business administration does not work, with the exception of data processing and budget. In business administration, a lot of well intentioned people are in over their heads. But too much is at stake to offer sympathy.

The current elementary school staff must simply disappear, with a few exceptions in early childhood and supervision. That office represents a memory bank of connections that should be irrelevant, who was in a sorority, who is someone's sister, who had a disagreement with a superior five years ago. That office's assistant superintendent personally appoints every single teacher by her own hand in 90+ elementary schools (About 1/4 of our current elementary schools are new since 1960, and were totally staffed from scratch by that office.)

In the Division of Instruction, two departments run programs which are of consistent high quality in most high schools: business education and foreign languages. Both have small staffs and no direct authority over hiring or purchasing. They achieve what quality they do by raising hell and hard work. The departments of physical education, library science and music are obstacles to the development of good programs in those fields. Where good programs exist, and they do exist,

they are in spite of the department's leadership and not because of it. This administration has retained and in some cases appointed all of the incompetent personnel mentioned above.

The Board of Education has stated goals that aim straight at these problems. Those goals are decentralization, with a transfer of authority to the local school of as many key functions as possible such as maintenance, purchasing, and hiring; the abolition of permanent tenure for management employees; a train-

ing program for all employees; and evaluation system for all employees; changes in licensing to favor demonstrated competence and experience over education courses; development of minimum floors in curriculum and regular assessment and prescription of a program for each student; regular testing programs for all students; an inspection system for all schools.

They have been its major goals, along with radical improvement in all financial and management practices, supply delivery, maintenance and permanent improvements, service, student bill of rights, student government and the availability of career related work for all teenage students, full service in special

education including a legally sound definition of special education, medical exams for entering students, changes in curriculum and training to encourage open schools, multi-age grade and subject groupings.

The D.C. Schools have specific problems that can be solved by the careful planning of a decentralization of authority to local schools and the careful selection of personnel who will operate important departments competently. I look forward to the time when that will happen, and all public school students and parents can find the man/woman in charge right at their local school. Then we can settle our problems and dream our dreams right at the school and not downtown.

what's happening

THERE will be a public hearing on July 9 at Wilson High beginning at 7:30 p.m. (and continuing on July 10 and 11 if necessary) on the proposed route of the subway north of Conn. Avenue and Van Ness. The proposed plan is a route under Uma Street to Wisconsin Ave. including a subway stop near Tenley Circle. Copies of the proposal are available at the Tenley Circle Library and at the Metro Headquarters, 600 Fifth St. NW. People wishing to testify should write to Delmer Ison, 600 5th Street, NW 20001 prior to July 5.

Our feeling is that the subway should be stopped at Van Ness. It costs approximately ten times as much to provide a mile of subway as it does to provide a similar mile of surface transportation and we could have nearly free bus service in this city and not use as much as the interest on the subway bonds, although at the rate Metrobus deficits are rising, it couldn't be done under Metro operation. What this city needs is an elected city-run surface transit operation.

A VERY important City Council hearing on condominium conversion will be held on July 18-19 at the District Building, beginning at 10 a.m. The hearing will be chaired by Sterling Tucker who at this writing, incredibly, has scheduled no evening sessions. When we called about this, we were told, "For the moment that's the way it's going to be. If there's a change we'll let you know." Many apartment units in DC are being converted into condominiums with the eviction of tenants who can neither afford the price of condominiums nor find adequate replacements housing. The hearings will also deal with various issues involved in the sale of condos, often to people who don't know what they are not buying. To testify call Gwyn Lee at 638-2223 by July 16, or send a statement to Ed Webb, City Council Secretary prior to July 20. For the best solution we've seen to the condo problem, read Joel Joseph's proposal in the June issue of the Gazette Political Forum section.

THE industrial Workers of the World are now organizing in the area. If you are interested in joining an anti-capitalist union or know someone who might be, contact IWW delegate Pat McCokey at 232-3451 or stop by a Wobbly shop at Bread & Roses, 1734 20th St. NW.

A LOCAL chapter of Accountants for the Public Interest has been organized here to provide investigative, non-advocate accounting counsel without fee to non-profit organizations serving the public interest. Typical clients of API include legal services, community or consumer groups, which have projects or causes with financial or accounting implications and which cannot afford professional help. Services include appearances in court or before legislative bodies.

but not bookkeeping or tax work for groups. To find out more, call Bill Woods at 386-4162 (days) or 338-7558 (nights).

THE GRAY Panthers have a special program of free checking accounts for older people. Call them at 629-2617.

THE UNITED Farm Workers are picketing Friday evenings and Saturday days. They would like to build up community pickets. Call for more information at 587-0510.

THE COALITION to Stop Funding the War urges folks to contact their Congresspeople to eliminate all non-humanitarian aid to South Vietnam from FY 1975 budget. That includes checking through such "humanitarian" sounding programs as Food for Peace that they don't end up supporting the police and prison system there. Call the Coalition at 546-6751.

A NEW NADER group, Public Citizen Visitor Center, also needs volunteers to help to encourage tourists to visit and talk with their Congresspeople here about substantive issues besides just touring the Capitol. Call Fay Mauro at 659-9053.

Since the hospital Workers at George Washington University Hospital were acquitted, the GWU Workers Organizing Committee of LOCAL 1199 are now concentrating on developing a job bank for the 24 who were fired in the beginning. If you know of any job opportunities, please let the 1199 office know at 737-1366. Their address is 1308 I St., NW. Of importance to hospital workers is the expected passage of a bill that will amend the National Labor Relations Act to extend its coverage to employees of non-profit hospitals. It will extend the rights of union organizing and recognize 1.5 million employees in non-profit hospitals. This represents 65% of all hospitals employees.

THE NATIONAL CONSUMERS League has opened a pilot consumer-operated Health Services Information Center. For the first time in the nation, a center will make available to the public a centralized file of government inspection records evaluating medical, nursing, and dietary services at Medicare nursing homes in a metropolitan area.

Each 60-page report has been digested by the League into two pages containing data on ownership, deficiencies in medical and nursing services, patient mix, nutrition, fire and safety status, patient activities and social services. The League has added information on prices and patient/staff ratios. Copies of Center digests, as well as actual Medicare reports, will be available to consumers at 10 cents per page. Info: National Consumers League, 1029 Vermont Ave NW, 20005 (DI 7-3853).

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FORUM CONTINUED

often proven to be innocent and charges dropped, but they are left with an arrest record. The DC Court of Appeals has said that, under present legislation, their records cannot be expunged. Authority to expunge should be immediately created.

Recently, it was revealed that the Police Department Intelligence Division was involved in infiltrating and spying upon civic organizations engaged in petitioning for redress of grievances. The Washington Bureau of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the D.C. Freedom and Independence Day Committee, two groups with which I was associated, were so spied upon, and I resent it. Yet we have a candidate in Ward I who was the only member of the present Council to vote against the rejection of the COG proposal to create a Metropolitan Intelligence Group which would have permitted Maryland and Virginia police to spy upon DC citizens. This metropolitan area CIA-type operation would have been responsible to no particular elected government. The new council must immediately move to provide strict supervision over police use of infiltrators and to prohibit their use altogether in civic organizations.

Priorities should be established and equal enforcement of the law required. Drug traffickers peddle their wares while the police are tied up processing arrests for "disorderly conduct" and "failure-to-move-on," many of them hummers in the first place. These vague laws are enforced in areas like Ward I but are forgotten in some other areas. DC black women are arrested for soliciting for prostitution while their white, suburban male customers whose actions are equally a violation of the law go free. The law must be enforced equally.

Crime is a community problem, and its correction must be a community project. We do not reform errant people by sending them to the crime universities called prisons. All we do is give them more tools with which to commit crime. If a person is to be helped to live constructively within a community, the community must extend a hand to help the person. He or she cannot be put in a Lorton or a rat-infested Women's Detention Center to be forgotten. The community must be protected; but from that point on the individual must be redeemed. We must put more emphasis on halfway houses, work release, community self-help centers, and mental, occupational and physical therapy.

In the area of housing, one who lives on land has different and sometimes superior rights to it than one who merely owns it. The ideal situation is for the person who lives on land to own it, and much support should be given to low and moderate income people to encourage and enable them to do this. Speculation should be restricted. Profit ceilings should be established for sales by short-term owners in high turnover, residential areas. For the poor, there should be more public housing. For the residential tenant of the absentee landlord, there should be strict rent controls and housing code enforcement. Evictions without cause by absentee landlords should be prohibited as should condominiumization without the approval of the majority of existing tenants.

Our tax code mirrors the federal tax code, and the new council will be free to initiate reforms. Land owned by such organizations as the Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Society United States Daughters of 1812, and the American Institute of Architects Foundation, which is now exempt from DC taxation, should be taxed at a lower rate than commercial property. While we cannot legislate a commuter tax, we can and should legislate a tax incentive for employers to hire DC residents.

Finally, the people are the best experts of what is best for themselves. Advisory Neighborhood Councils should be relied upon heavily in performing the office of councilperson.

KAY MC GRATH

Candidate for Democratic City Council
Nomination, Ward III

I HAVE declared my candidacy for the Ward III City Council seat because I am convinced that our Ward and our city needs and deserves an active, involved representative who will be a "doer" rather than a "talker."

Candidates have come forth who are just beginning to talk about issues facing our ward — while I have already been actively working for solutions.

Comprehensive planning, citizen participation, and housing problems complicated by condominium conversions are not brand new, but the record is clear as to who has been working on these problems and others for our ward and our city.

As President of Citizens for City Living, and as a delegate to the Wisconsin Avenue Corridor Committee, I have for several years persisted in confronting City Hall and Congress to gain the right for citizens to say how their neighborhoods should be shaped. My efforts began on behalf of McLean Gardens to bring together developers, government staff, and local residents to negotiate sensible growth policies.

My time and energies have brought success. This joint planning process has begun and is spreading. In Friendship Heights, Dupont Circle, Northeast, McLean Gardens, and Wisconsin Avenue — a planning partnership exists today. This is a giant step for our neighborhoods in this city, and we can do more. The recent downzoning at Dupont Circle and rejection of a large townhouse development in Northeast are evidence of attitudes being changed at City Hall.

Condominium conversion is another area where work has already begun. Months ago, as a housing committee member of the Democratic Central Committee, I accompanied residents from 3100 Connecticut Avenue to the District Building to seek relief in their displacement from apartments being converted to condominiums. We were stressing the crisis of the conversion problem, especially in light of pending rent control legislation which might spur additional change-overs.

A series of meetings evolved bringing developers, tenants, community and city hall together. Some concessions were made — longer notice, alternative housing in special cases, moving allowances. These were some relief for tenants, but not permanent solutions.

Condominium regulations must come swiftly to protect the interests of all parties: tenants, owners, buyers, and investors. The City Council has been persuaded to bring out regulations in conjunction with rent control, rather than separately. I will continue to pressure for tough regulations in the public interest.

Under our present D.C. Code, tenants are almost totally unprotected against conversion. There is only a 5.4% rate of rental units available in the District. For the tenant who does not want to buy, or cannot buy, particularly older residents on small incomes, the outlook is dim. Public policy must be shaped to come to the aid of tenants through such possibilities as: publicly-supported long term, low interest loans; a required agreement of a percentage of tenants before conversion is permitted: six months to a year's notice; requiring that cost of the unit, including principal, interest, taxes, and maintenance not be more than 10% above current rental fee.

These possibilities should all be explored. No easy answers suffice in such a complex area, but equitable arrangements can be worked out if all parties are willing to negotiate.

Under home rule, we have the opportunity to create a city government that is responsive to the human needs of the community. I am running for the City Council to keep open the doors of City Hall to the District's residents and to Ward III's residents. A "doer" can do it.

TEDSON MEYERS ON HIS CANDIDACY IN
WARD ONE FOR CITY COUNCIL

ONLY results count in my neighborhood. The test of government is not just whether it wants to do something for the people, but whether it works.

And as too much has not worked well, I came to the City Council angry. I am still angry, and I am going to stay angry.

My community doesn't want studies. It wants action — action my neighbors believe in with results they can see and feel and measure.

Don't tell me about new policy guidelines for day care centers. Issue them. Fund them. Support them.

Don't tell me about new schedules for solid waste disposal. Call it what it is — trash — and pick it up.

Don't tell me about relocating a field team to improve planning in the burned-out corridors of my ward. Show me the bricks and mortar.

Don't brief me with pretty plans to make Pennsylvania Avenue a model for the na-

tion when the nation's performance on 14th Street is a model for disgrace.

Yes, I am angry — but anger is not enough. It is only an essential ingredient, a source of energy to cope with the 50, 60 and 70-hour weeks it takes to get results.

I want to be on the next City Council because there is so much more to be done — and so much more power to do it.

I believe my community wants all of the elements of the District Government responsible for cleaning up this city combined under a single, existing department and held accountable for the results.

I believe my community wants the sanitation code enforced and for that purpose would support the creation of a special force of sanitation officers, as in other cities, armed not with weapons, but with summons books to crack down on violators.

I believe my community wants public safety at least as much as I do, but they demand and deserve respect from public servants commissioned to enforce their laws. For that purpose, I would propose that the next City Council establish civilian review of all complaints lodged against police officers, either through the new City Auditor or by a separate commission responsible to the council.

I believe my community wants a powerful coalition based in this city and functioning throughout the country to obtain repeal of the prohibition against a commuter tax, enabling us to make that 50 percent of our daily labor force who live elsewhere, share with us the costs of benefits they receive.

I believe my community wants to see my first defeat on the Council reversed. Less than three months after I joined this Council, I formally proposed a program of tax relief for the elderly poor — homeowners and renters alike — only to see it shot down. The same proposal is now embodied in the City's legislative program, as well as in an omnibus bill for property tax reform. If the job is not done in Congress this year, I want to return to the Council with a full program of tax relief, long used in other states, to lift the burdens of excessive taxation from the elderly and from other citizens who simply cannot bear them any longer. I believe my community demands this.

I believe my community wants rent control as soon as is possible, as well as criteria for rent roll-backs made part of the rent control law to get at the gouger, the unconscionable and the man who runs the rent up to drive the tenant out.

I believe my community wants a halt to the quickening slide of an important share of our housing market to condominiums. This new wave of conversions threatens the security of countless citizens — especially our many senior citizens whose hopes of familiar surroundings for the rest of their lives are so suddenly shattered.

I believe my community wants housing, and they want it now. There is no issue in which they are less willing to tolerate last year's excuses. If the private dollar won't do the job, I believe my community wants us to cut bait and form an urban development corporation now — and among its programs must be affirmative action plans to aid minority residents of this city to stay in this city, to buy and rehabilitate what only the more affluent or the speculator can now afford. I believe the people in my community bear no grudge against anyone who wants to come and live there. But their first interest is to find innovative ways to stay there themselves — and not be uprooted again by a new wave of migration accomplished at their expense.

I believe my community wants consumer representation on all the regulatory boards governing trades and professions in this city.

I believe federal employees who live in my community want the right to work for the local government candidate of their choice, whether that candidate seeks a party nomination or is an independent, and I believe that anything less drives a knife into the heart of the democratic process in the District of Columbia just as it is getting under way.

I know that all the people of my community end up paying property taxes — whether directly as homeowners, or indirectly as tenants. I believe they want to know how decisions are reached at every step affecting their taxes, from policy levels to individual appeal. And I believe my community wants to hear about and consider dynamic new ways to make property taxes aid rather than discourage useful development — new ways such as site value taxation, so that a family who have rehabilitated their home are not penalized by higher taxes as a result.



f~stop
Roland Freeman

FOLK CRAFTSMEN
OF MISSISSIPPI





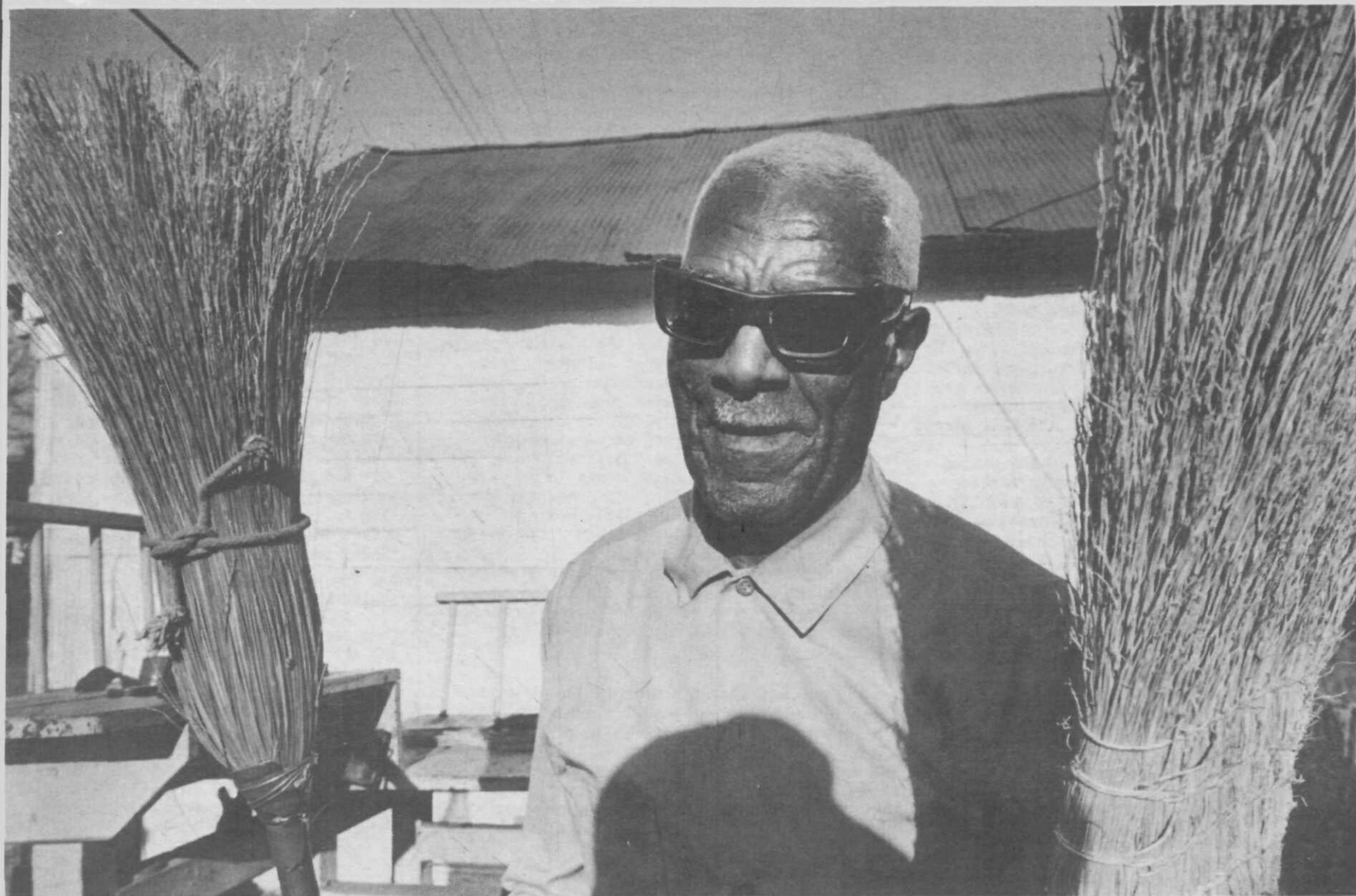
THE craftsmen appearing here, representing the state of Mississippi, are some of the people scheduled to participate in the Smithsonian's annual Festival of American Folklife, July 13-14 on the Mall between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.

Top Left: Mr. "Hampt" Martin, an axe-handle maker from Lexington, Mississippi.

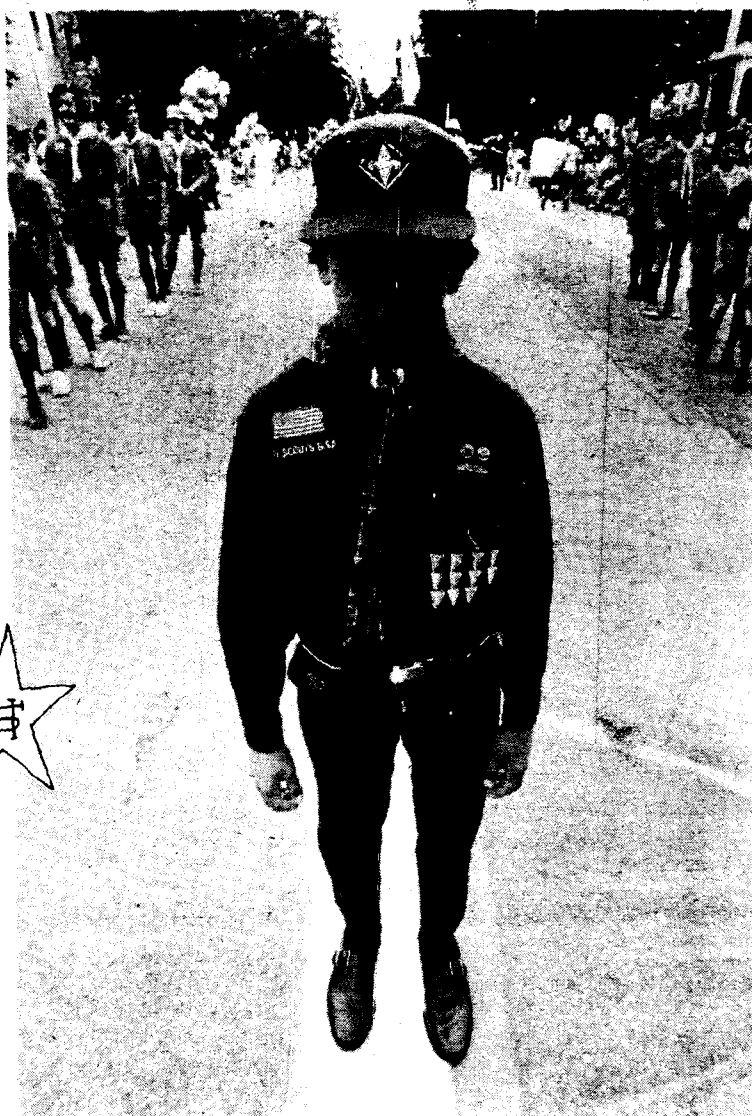
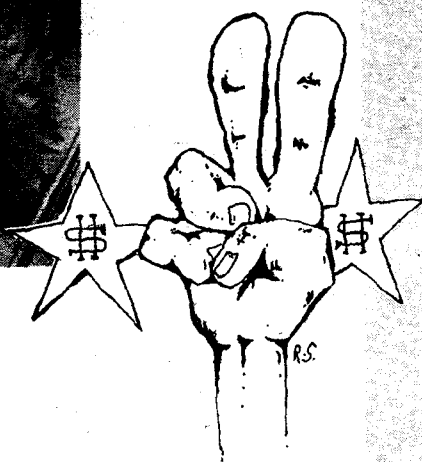
Bottom Left: Mr. Wilson Lee, Jr., an African Revival sculptor from Greenville, Mississippi.

Top Right: Mr. Lee Willie Nabors, a basket-weaver and chair-maker from Okolona Mississippi.

Bottom Right: Mr. Cleveland Jones, a blind broom-maker from Leland, Mississippi.



national news



'On my honor I'll do very well. . .'

"SOMETHINGS," says the Boy Scouts of America literature, "never change." And for 64 years now, all across the country, boys ages 8 to 20 have been meeting to "pledge allegiance" and work their way up the scout ladder by showing "desirable qualities of character, citizenship and personal fitness."

What has changed, however, is that the hiking organization started in 1910 is now a huge enterprise which spends over \$100 million a year and owns 488,000 acres of land worth \$233 million.

While the Boy Scouts of America tries to mold youth to its concept of "desirable character," the organization itself is molded after the model of corporate America. In fact, Laden Barber, the \$55,000 a year chief scouting executive, refers to expanding scouting programs as a good "market opportunity," according to the *Wall Street Journal*.

Though scouting didn't start in the United States — it began in England two years earlier — nowhere is scouting more widespread. Currently there are 4.9 million scouts and 1.6 million adult volunteers here. The Girl Scouts of America (unrelated and less awesome financially) have 3.9 million scouts and volunteers.

Now in 150 countries, scouting claims a world wide membership of 12 million scouts and volunteers. But, outside the U.S., there are only two other countries that have more than one million people involved in the scouting program. These are Indonesia and the Philippines, both run by one-man governments heavily dependent on U.S. support for their survival.

Through their various different divisions — cub scouts, boy scouts and explorers — the Boy Scouts of America are able to grab a child at eight and try to hold on until the age of 20. It is estimated that one out of every two living adults in this country were either scouts or scout volunteers at one time or another. This

includes, for instance, 52 of America's 65 astronauts.

At the national headquarters in North Brunswick, New Jersey, computer banks keep track of the 168,000 local troops affiliated with the Boy Scouts of America and a communications group tends to 2,000 publications. Here too, is the supply division which sells over \$40 million dollars worth of uniforms and equipment each year and makes a nifty \$4.5 million profit annually. The \$38 million office complex houses almost 1,000 national office employees.

To help manage this awesome enterprise, the BSA has enlisted some of the top business people in the country. The 21-member volunteer executive committee has 20 businessmen on it, the only exception being James E. Johnson, assistant Secretary of the Navy. Of the 20 businessmen, 16 are either chairmen or presidents of large corporations such as U.S. Steel, RCA, IBM, Weyerhaeuser Paper and Mack Trucks Inc.

In fact, Alfred Reber, who heads the BSA supply operation, is particularly grateful to "our friends" at Sears Roebuck and J.C. Penneys. Reber's friends volunteer to be on the executive committee and in return he supplies 615 of their stores with everything from official Boy Scout basket-weaving merit badges to heart-shaped emblems stamped with the scout seal for den mothers.

Reber says that his merchandise is good "traffic" and also a "heck of a good buy."

But perhaps the most crucial part of the national headquarters operation is the 10-man public relations division — "a bigger compliment of PR men than many large corporate headquarters have," according to the *Wall Street Journal*.

It is this division that must convince young boys to join so that they then can buy. A 43-page chapter on "Emergency PR" in their "PR Manual" explains that scouting can "only flourish in a climate of favorable [their em-

phasis] public opinion." It then gives advice on how to maintain that proper climate.

For example, the manual warns that crimes committed by people associated with the BSA can be very damaging and must be handled carefully. It advises particular care in releasing information about crimes with "sexual overtones," adding that "other crimes such as stealing, arson and embezzlement may not be too damaging to our public image."

Perhaps the most important cog in the propaganda machine is the publication *Boys' Life* with a circulation of 2.2 million. Until recent years *Boys' Life* made about \$400,000 a year for the BSA, all tax free. A ruling in the late 60s, however, stated that the BSA must pay taxes on money that the magazine made from advertising. A quick shift of the books, though, and *Boys' Life* now claims to lose \$300,000 a year. Consequently, it still pays no taxes.

And even with the huge amounts of money handled by the national office, they are still able to fund the local chapters almost entirely by outside sources. The United Way, for example, funded over 50% of the local budgets in 1972 and all adult supervision on the local level is volunteer work.

In almost every parade or celebration of some sort the community brings out their scouting troops to parade through the streets in their Boy Scout gear sold to them by the Boy Scouts. In fact, at Nixon's 1972 inauguration, uniformed scouts were used to give out free grandstand tickets in an attempt to fill embarrassingly empty seats. Later, they handed out small American flags so that Nixon and his entourage would see "enthusiastic crowds" as they drove by.

Meanwhile, back in that church basement or school gym the weekly meeting comes to a close. The lights are dimmed and the Scouts form a circle to ask that "the great Scoutmaster of all scouts be with us until we meet again." — LNS

chuck stone

LEILA K. S. Foley, mayor of Foley, Oklahoma, and Philadelphia's Phillipa Milhous (not her real name), have at least one thing in common. They both have five illegitimate children.

"I realize it was kind of irresponsible on my part in those early years," said the 38-year-old Milhous, who now holds down a responsible administrative job.

"But that's past. The important thing now is to do what I can to help my children get what rightfully belongs to them, and maybe help somebody else in the same boat."

She and the U.S. Civil Service Commission sharply disagree on what constitutes "rightfully." And her children are victims of Victorian legislative contempt for the illegitimate.

Last July, the father of Milhous' twins died in New Jersey, where he was an Air Force electrical engineer. A Pennsylvania court had already established his paternity back in 1960 and ordered him to pay "the sum of \$17.50 per week for support of two bastard children."

When he died, Ms. Milhous applied for

and was awarded his Social Security benefits, which were then pro-rated between her twins and a legitimate child living with the engineer's wife (\$102.27 a month for the twins).

But the U.S. Civil Service Commission's Bureau of Retirement, Insurance and Occupational Health ruled the children were not entitled to the Air Force engineer's survivor benefits.

"An illegitimate child of a deceased federal employee," read the glacial form letter she received this past January, "May qualify for a survivor annuity if the child lived with the employee in a regular parent-child relationship at the time of death."

Social Security makes no such distinctions. Why Civil Service? Furthermore, a father could live in a commonlaw relationship with a woman and children, suddenly pick up and leave, die six months later and deprive the children of his survivor benefits.

But there's a difference, explained a top-level spokesman for the Civil Service Commission in Washington. "The Social Security law is part of the general welfare system for the populace as a whole. But the civil service law is enacted on the basis of 'family law.'"

Oh.

The spokesman went on to cite a similar distinction for widows of federal employees. "If they marry before they're 60, they lose their entitlement to survivor benefits. If they marry after 60, they retain these benefits."

Civil service regulations, I observed, would seem to be encouraging widows of federal employees to "live in sin" until they're 60 in order not to lose survivor benefits.

The Civil Service Commission spokesman said Ms. Milhous' Congressman could introduce a "private bill" for her relief.

But this remedy avoids the issue of the right of illegitimate children to inherit their legitimate share of their legitimately-established father's benefits.

Back in January, a New York Surrogate Court held they could. "For the first time in New York legal history," said the attorney representing the child's guardian, "it has been held that the child has the right to inherit from the father, to share in his estate."

As the result of the Surrogate Court's decision, the way was paved for the illegitimate child, now living in Florida, to file a negligence suit on behalf of her father who was killed in a steam pipe explosion last May.

"Thousands and thousands fall in my children's category," said Ms. Milhous. "It's time they were recognized. They plan to go on to college. These survivor benefits would help them."

There must be at least one Congressman who recognizes that federal legislation is necessary to abolish various state distinctions and contradictory federal regulations affecting illegitimate children.

In this age of expanding humanism for minorities, women, homosexuals, young people, old people, and handicapped people, aren't bastards entitled to the same rights?

Until such corrective federal legislation is passed, illegitimate children will continue to be scorned and, as John Milton wrote, "Live like Nature's bastards, not her sons."

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NOTES FROM THE REAL WORLD

GEORGE Gallup and Lou Harris may have their scientific methods for conducting polls — but Don McGaffin of Seattle has his.

McGaffin, a T.V. newsman, strolled into a Seattle Restaurant recently, rapped on the table for attention and then rose with glass in hand. He announced in a booming voice: "A toast to the President of the United States." McGaffin was immediately showered with thrown bread, silverware and even a tortilla.

Undaunted, he continued with his poll experiment in other restaurants: the results were always the same, although the food thrown at him varied from place to place.

McGaffin's analysis? "The President is in deep trouble." — ZODIAC

LEADING physicists are beginning to suggest that nothing — not even matter — really exists.

Doctor Allen B. Allen, writing in *Intellectual Digest*, says that scientists once believed that the atom was the basic building block of the universe. As they studied the atom, however, it was found to consist of smaller particles; these in turn were made of even smaller particles.

Eventually, says Doctor Allen, there is nothing there. Says Doctor Allen: "It's possible that 'ultimately the world is constructed from principles rather than from units of matter.'" — ZODIAC

THE quote of the month comes from Arkansas Senator John McLellan, Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee.

Senator McClellan argued against the public disclosure of the C.I.A.'s annual budget by saying release of the total would lead to demands for explanations and details.

Said McClellan: "If you end all the ignorance, you end national security." — ZODIAC

THE Los Angeles Police Department's special "Swat Unit" which wiped out the Symbionese Liberation Army's hideout two weeks ago is part of an expanding, nationwide system of military-like teams attached to local police agencies.

Pacific News Service reports that SWAT — which stands for "Special Weapons and Tactics" — had its beginnings back in 1963 following civil disturbances in the South.

In that year, according to the Justice Department, "The Joint Chiefs of Staff instructed the U.S. Strike Command to prepare detailed plans for the deployment of civil disturbance forces within the continental United States." The plan developed a decade ago was nicknamed "Steep Hill," and called for the deployment of up to 21,000 troops.

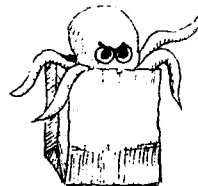
By the late 1960's, in the wake of the disturbances following Martin Luther King's assassination, the plan was expanded: the army at Fort Gordon, Georgia, opened what it called its "Civil Disturbance Orientation Course," inviting policemen and civilians to be trained.

The training includes discussions of past civil disturbance operations, manifestations of dissent, and the use of munitions in populated areas. In 1971, the last year for which figures are available, 825 military people and 650 civilians took the army's course.

The Los Angeles SWAT personnel are recruited mainly from the Marine Corps — and its SWAT members are given more than 1000 hours of instructions in the history of guerrilla warfare, scouting, camouflage and concealment, the use of chemical agents, and combat in "built up areas." Los Angeles even goes to the extent of using the Universal Studio movie lot for training, so that bank robberies and civil disturbances can be staged for practice.

According to Pacific News, most large city police forces in the U.S. either already have their own SWAT units now or are getting them; grants to set up these units are being

handed out by the government's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. — ZODIAC



VOTERS in Olympia, Washington, will soon experiment with a "voting by telephone" plan.

The procedure, being spearheaded by Washington's Secretary of State E. Ludlow Kramer, is based on "voice prints." Kramer received national recognition recently as the man in charge of the Hearst food give-away program.

The way the system is designed to work by the 1976 election is as follows:

- All voters in Olympia will turn in sample recordings of their voices to a centralized computer. The computer would also be given a special identifying number — such as a social security number — for each eligible voter.

- Prior to the election, each voter will receive a computerized card in the mail which will list each of the candidates and issues on the ballot by number.

- Then, on election day, voters will call the "Voting Telephone Number" and identify themselves to the computer by repeating their pre-recorded phrase and their special identification number.

- The computer will check, by voice print, to see if the person is correctly identifying himself or herself, and to see if he or she has voted yet. If everything is in order, then the caller uses a touch tone telephone to punch out — by number — how he or she votes on each issue.

At the end of the day, the computer merely tallies up the votes.

If the procedure works in Olympia, Kramer predicts it will then be used on a nationwide basis. Perhaps by 1984. — ZNS



QUESTION OF THE MONTH: Is Del Lewis's salary at the C & P Phone Co. a campaign contribution?

SEND ONE RETURN TICKET to Julius Rudel, music director of the Kennedy Center, who described the recent visit here of the New York City Opera Company, as a "cultural airlift."

DOESN'T ANYBODY think it's strange that now that we have home rule, Congress is deciding what our election laws are going to be?

PECULIAR DEFINITIONS OF DEMOCRACY: From Ralph Nader comes a proposal that everyone be required to vote. Those who didn't would be fined or required to work at the polls the next election. John Nance Garner — who when asked once who he was going to vote for said he was going fishing — was fortunate to live in pre-Nader days. . . . And out in Storey County, Nevada, one-sixth of all voters are prostitutes, so the local Republican organization had proposed that voter registration requirements be tightened to eliminate the prostitute bloc.

IF YOU THINK we're too hard on the Board of Elections, consider this: Statehood ward candidates received petitions from the board on which were printed the instruction that all signatures must be of a "duly registered voter in the Democratic party in the District of Columbia."

FOOLISH NEW LAW OF THE MONTH: The police are proposing new regulations that would require users of alarm systems to pay for false alarms. The police claim that it costs them \$100,000 a year to answer false alarms. That's out of a budget of over \$100 million. Sounds like the police are more worried by the competition than by the false alarms. Alarm systems have contributed significantly to the decline in crime that is widely credited to

THE city council got almost unanimous support for its proposed bill to divide the city into parking zones including a two hour parking limitation for non-resident parkers in all participating areas. Under the plan residents would be able to purchase parking stickers allowing them to park in their zone but not exempting them from the two hour restriction in other zones.

Thomas Airis, director Department of Highways and Traffic was the main supporter of the bill. He cited what most of the following witnesses would reiterate: if the bill were successful it would eliminate the pollution, inadequate parking space and safety problems caused by the commuter.

Suggestions for improvement included increasing fines beyond the proposed \$5, further limiting the number of exemptions allowed, decreasing the red tape involved and the creation of a metermaid force to handle enforcement.

Enforcement was cited as a major obstacle. One problem is that Virginia and Maryland are unwilling to grant reciprocity for traffic violations. Also D.C. police view parking violations as a nuisance and spend little time enforcing parking codes.

There were two dissenting witnesses. The first was Peter Craig, representative of the Committee of 100 on the Federal City. Craig stated that the proposal would be an unnecessary burden, adding one more layer of red tape on an already confusing system. He pro-

posed a city wide prohibition of parking in community areas except for residents. He wanted a city-wide solution for what he considered a city-wide problem.

posed a city wide prohibition of parking in community areas except for residents. He wanted a city-wide solution for what he considered a city-wide problem.

The other dissenter was Armando Rendon, Statehood candidate for City Council in Ward 1. While recognizing the parking problem, he wanted a program that was more "people oriented." He felt that the Council had pre-empted the communities' prerogative to set priorities and boundaries. He further criticized the proposal because it placed a burden on city residents by making them pay for the administrative costs and called for a plan that does not hurt people while trying to help them. Rendon presented two other criticisms. The program provided no alternatives for people in suburbs or living at the edge of town to use in place of the residential areas and the additional police force could be used as a discriminatory device, beefing up some areas while leaving inner-city neighborhoods under protected.

As alternatives Rendon suggested the city look into existing parking lots, both public and private (as at supermarkets) as a way of providing more space and marking the streets properly to encourage more efficient use of space. He also suggested placing a tax on commuters who want to park in residential areas. The advantages are that it would leave commuters a choice and cost the city less by bringing revenue to the city.

— BEAU BALL

the great increase in local police. \$100,000 a year doesn't even keep a half dozen cops on duty.

THE STAR-NEWS properly gave significant play to Joe Rauh's withdrawal from Walter Washington's campaign team. An original backer of the commissioner, Rauh said he was "unwilling to be liberal window-dressing for the Board of Trade." The Post buried the story and then, days later, reran the story in a much better position. Asked about this, a Post reporter said there had been a discussion and it was decided that the story hadn't gotten adequate treatment.

CITIZENS IN NEAR SE are still trying to get air conditioning and decent maintenance for the SE library. Jody Pitzenberger, popular librarian at the branch, was transferred after she raised some fuss about the problem. A group called Concerned Citizens for Southeast Branch Library has been formed.

"The transfer of Ms. Pitzenberger," says Concerned Citizens spokesman Rev. Edward Goode (547-5924) "is an attempt by the board to intimidate Southeast Library patrons. Ms. Pitzenberger enjoys wide community support, and her efforts to improve library services have been rebuked by the board. We want Ms. Pitzenberger back and we want a decent library."

At a meeting with the board, Concerned Citizens pressed for improvements to the physical plant, including installation of air conditioning and an elevator for senior citizens, which were first budgeted in 1970. Rev. Goode said that "the board's failure to make the minimal improvements for which funds have been available constitutes gross mismanagement." The District budget in fiscal year 1971 included an appropriation of \$60,000 for renovation of the Southeast Branch. In fiscal year 1972, an additional \$582,000 was requested for air conditioning of six branch buildings, including Southeast. None of the work on Southeast has been done.

Charles McDowell Jr.

I WORRIED a lot about the energy crisis. When I couldn't stand the suspense any longer, I called up the Government.

"Pardon me," I said, "but what ever happened to the energy crisis?"

"The what?" the Government asked.

"The energy crisis. What have you done about it?"

"You will have to be more specific about the nature of your complaining," the Government said.

"I'm not complaining exactly. I'm confused and troubled. The energy crisis was such a big part of my life, and now I can't even seem to find it."

"Have you called lost-and-found sir?"

"Come off it, Government. You are supposed to level with us. Where is the energy crisis?"

"Well, whatever you may be talking about, I can tell you we don't have any crises around here. We have a few problems, but who doesn't? The important thing is that the Government is healthy and running well."

"Yes, but what happened to those long lines to buy gasoline? Short hours, odd and even days, rationing? No Sunday driving? Constant calls for sacrifice? Constant warnings that America was entering a new era of challenge and changing lifestyle? You can't just take all that away from us, Government, and not expect us to be disoriented and mystified."

"What you are doing," the Government said,

"is complaining because there is not a serious gasoline shortage, isn't that it?"

"Well, yes, in the sense that I don't understand what happened to it. And how severe was it, really, in the first place? And, in any case, aren't we heading into an energy crisis that is even more serious across the board than you told us the gasoline shortage was before you somehow did away with it?"

"That is the negative, picky kind of attitude that distracts us from getting on with the business at hand. Why don't you go out and buy yourself a tank of gas and quit worrying? There's plenty of gas for those who can afford it."

"Is there a serious energy problem?"

"If it will make you feel better, yes, we have some problems with energy supply. But you may be absolutely, unequivocally sure that this country will be self-sufficient in energy by 1976 or 1980 or whenever it is we have been saying it will be."

"Is there a need for some sacrifices on the part of citizens?"

"We are recommending sacrifices in moderation. But we don't want people to make such sacrifices that they become overly aware of it and blame the Government."

"Are you recommending any specific moderate sacrifices for the immediate future?"

"Yes, we are recommending that you set

your thermostats at 78 degrees so as to save electricity used for air-conditioning."

"I read that in the papers, but I also read that some people in fancy office buildings were saying 78 degrees would be too hot. They weren't going along with it."

"We would prefer that the do co-operate, but we don't intend to regiment the American people."

"Do you suppose the reluctance to co-operate has anything to do with people's experience with the gasoline shortage? What I mean is, self-denial and inconvenience seemed fairly pointless when the great shortage disappeared just as everyone was accepting the challenge of a really serious energy crisis. Some people got the idea the Government was crying wolf or was terribly confused, or both."

"That is a typically negative attitude. Very exasperating. We began by telling people as frankly as possible that there was an energy crisis that would last for years and require them to change their lives. Then, within a few months, we gave people the good news that we already had broken the back of the crisis, and assured them we would solve the remaining problems by 1976 or 1980 or whenever it is. It's been a remarkably brisk performance if you ask me."

"But I didn't ask you that. I asked you what ever happened to...oh well."

(RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH)